

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 816

JULY 18, 1885

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

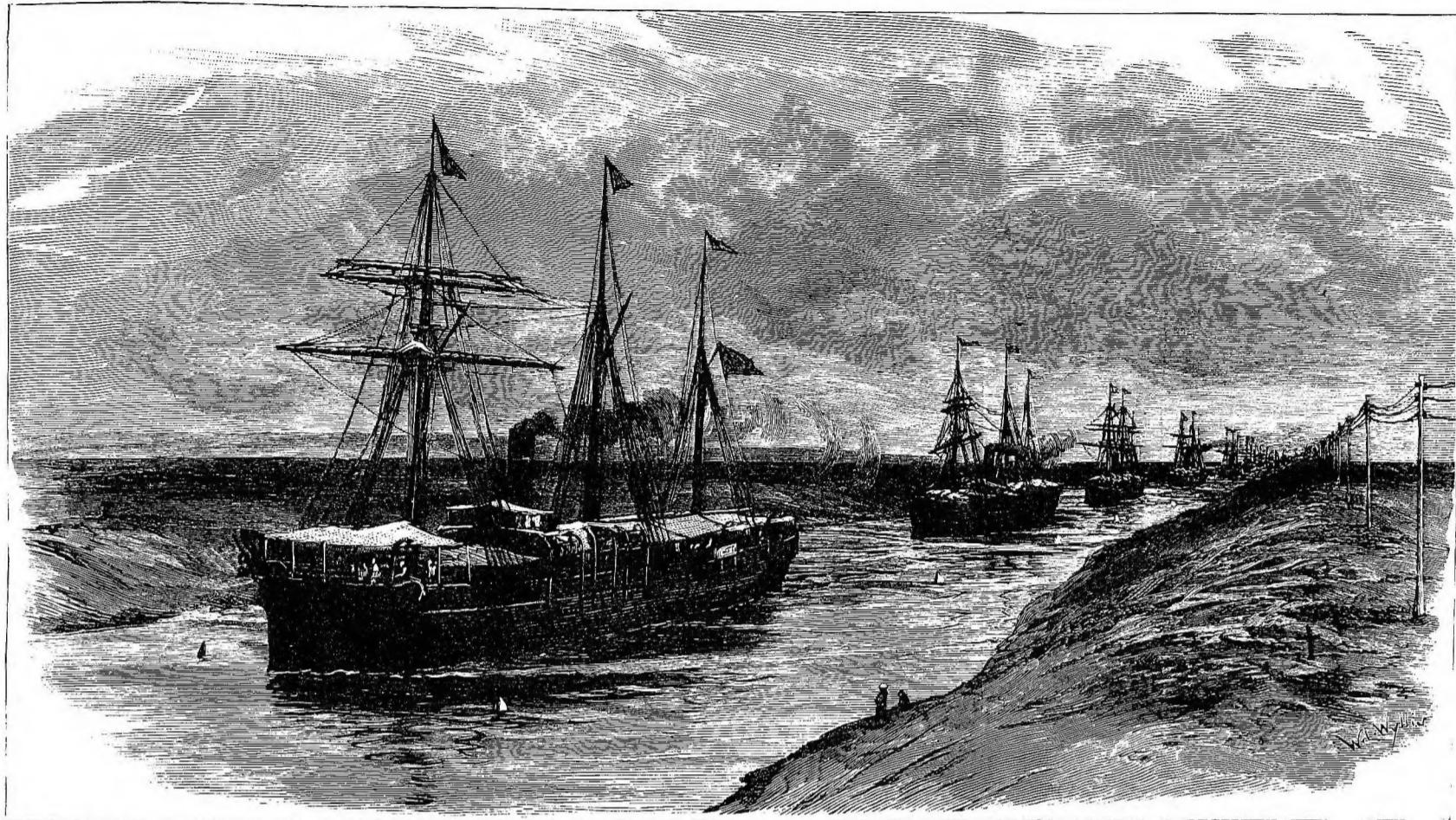
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 816.—VOL. XXXII.] ÉDITION
Registered as a Newspaper DE LUXE

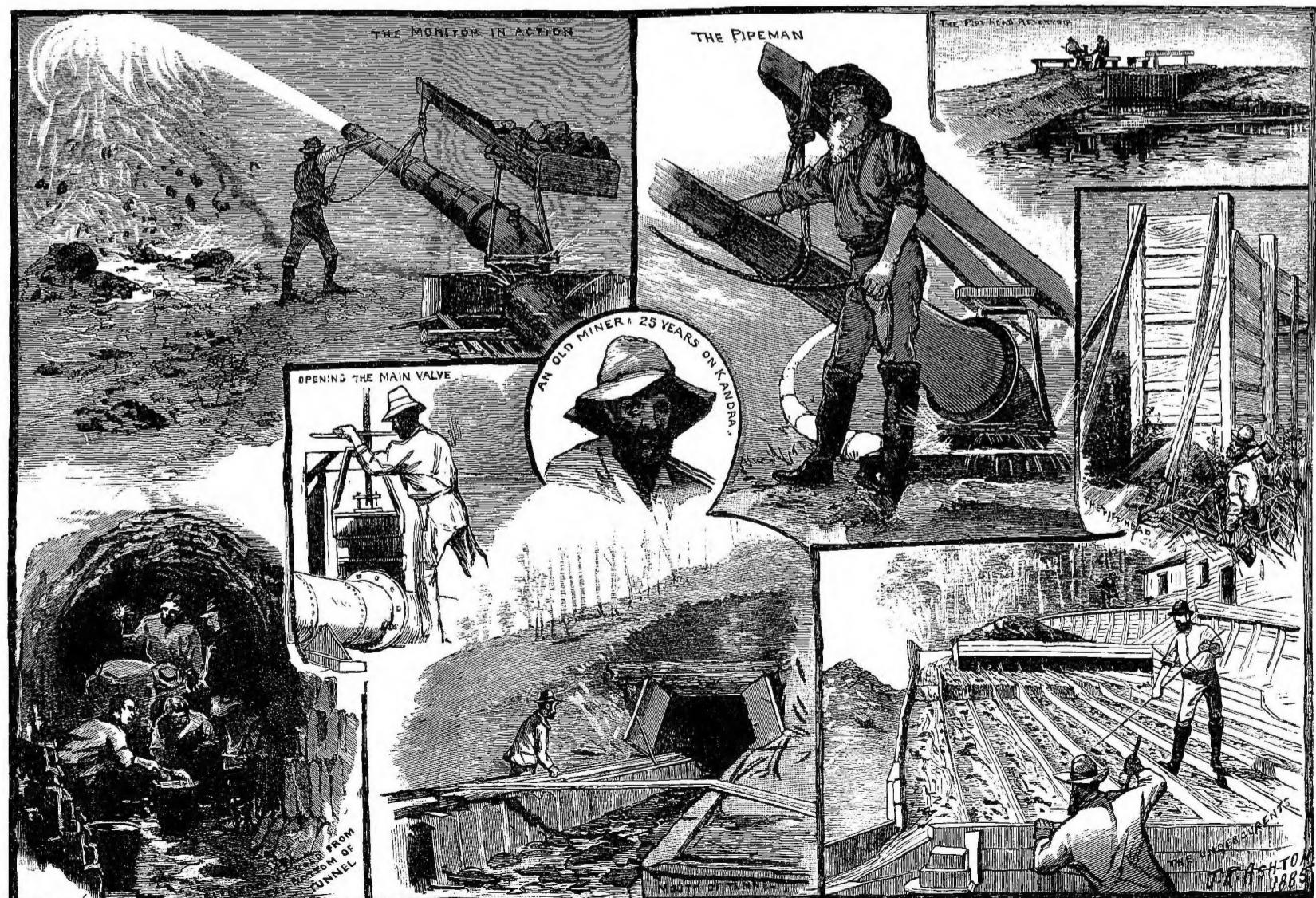
SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885

ENLARGED TO
TWO SHEETS

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



THE BLOCK IN THE SUEZ CANAL—PROCESSION OF STEAMERS AFTER THE RENEWAL OF TRAFFIC



HYDRAULIC GOLD-MINING IN THE AUSTRALIAN ALPS



A LULL IN PARLIAMENT.—The results of the change of Ministry have, so far, been very satisfactory to those who do not take a violent interest in party politics. The Government acted with great discretion in adopting all the measures which had a fair chance of being passed without prolonged discussion. On the other hand, the Opposition have not made the slightest attempt to embarrass the new Ministry. They have recognised frankly the exceptional position of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, and are doing everything they can to aid the progress of public business. The consequence is that Parliament is accomplishing much solid work; and layers of sensation look in vain for their favourite kind of reading in the reports of the Parliamentary debates. It would be well for England if this moderate and conciliatory temper could be maintained; but that, we suppose, is too much to hope for. We may, however, reasonably anticipate that there will be considerably less bitterness in the coming General Election than there was in the General Election of 1880. The Conservatives will, of course, denounce the blunders of the late Government; but these blunders are already "ancient history," and the country knows everything that the most ingenious orator can say about them. As for the Liberals, they will not fail to contrast their own progressive policy with the supposed reactionary policy of their rivals; but speeches of this sort will be tame in comparison with the fiery harangues by which the electors were so much excited five years ago. Altogether, unless the present lull is broken by unforeseen events, the outlook is unusually favourable. In the absence of stirring "cries," there is some chance that the next Parliament will represent something more and better than a passing mood of the majority of the people.

AN IRISH BANK FAILURE.—The suspension of the Munster Bank of Ireland (Limited) comes as an especially untoward incident of the present time. After a prolonged period of disorder and terrorism, the country just now is remarkably free from agrarian crime, with the result that Lord Salisbury's Government have resolved to try and govern it without Coercion Acts. This bank failure must necessarily produce much suffering and distress among the southern farmers, and distress naturally engenders discontent. It is, however, some consolation to remember that the persons who are responsible for the downfall of the bank belonged rather to the Cork *bourgeoisie* than to the landlord class whom Nationalist agitators are so fond of denouncing. As regards the proximate cause of this bank failure, it is asserted that certain of the Directors had considerably overdrawn their own accounts, and that, during some litigation which subsequently arose from this cause, Vice-Chancellor Chatterton deemed it his duty to reflect very severely on the conduct of two of these gentlemen. Further investigation may show that the allegations on which the Vice-Chancellor's strictures were based were without foundation. If, however, they can be substantiated, and if it can be shown that the Directors have employed the resources of the bank for the sake of supplying their personal necessities, we hope they will be prosecuted with unrelenting severity. Such measures as these, however, will not prevent the recurrence from time to time of these lamentable disasters. So long as the shareholders of joint stock companies remain as apathetic as they now are, quite content so long as they receive dividends, there will be a risk of mismanagement and of malversation on the part of those who control the business of the concern in question. It is easier to state this well-known fact than to suggest any really useful remedy.

LORD WOLSELEY AND THE ARMY.—Although Lord Wolseley has not returned to England on this occasion as a conquering hero, none the less is his presence welcome. The discussion on the Army Estimates showed that there are a number of important subjects, not immediately connected with Egypt, on which his advice will be of great value to the War Secretary. Our military machinery may be in course of improvement; but even the warmest advocates of recent changes must admit that it still remains very far from perfect. The vital question is whether the Army, as it stands, has sufficient numerical strength for the performance of its manifold and constantly enlarging duties. To obtain men by calling out part of the Reserves does not increase the available fighting strength of the country by a single unit; it is merely a transfer, not an augmentation. Much the same may be said about keeping time-expired soldiers in the ranks, instead of allowing them to pass into the Reserve. Every man so stopped represents a gain to the First Line at the expense of the Second. It was by this twofold process of calling out Reservists and keeping time-expired men in the ranks that the late Government obtained one-third of the 35,000 additional soldiers they estimated as likely to be required for the defence of the Empire. Should the present Government need the other two-thirds, they will, no doubt, be obtained in the same way, leaving the First-Class Army Reserve a ghastly skeleton. Mr. W. H. Smith takes a perfectly sound view, we think, when he holds that what England requires is "not a large, but an efficient Army, with efficient

Reserves." At present, unfortunately, she possesses neither one nor the other; and we trust, therefore, that Lord Wolseley will be able to help Mr. Smith to attain his ideal. If it cannot be effected in any other way, we had better listen to Sir W. Barttelot's advice, and sanction the permanent augmentation of the Regular Army by 10,000 men.

EDUCATION AND CRIME.—In his speech on the Education Estimates the other evening Mr. Mundella made a very remarkable statement. A confidential correspondence, it seems, passed between the late Home Secretary and the late Lord Chancellor upon the administration of the Criminal Law. In the course of this correspondence it was brought out that there had been a rapid decline in the Criminal population, and that it was becoming more and more rapid every year. In 1869 the total number of prisoners sentenced to penal servitude was 11,916; in 1884 the number had fallen to 9,500. The greatest reduction was in prisoners under thirty years of age. The number of these prisoners had fallen nearly one half. In the paper which Mr. Mundella had before him, these striking results were attributed mainly to the Education Act and to the working of our Industrial and Reformatory Schools. Of course voluntary schools have also played a great part in the changes which have been effected; but even they owe some of their present efficiency to the Education Act, since they have been stimulated to increased activity in rivalry with the Board Schools. A deep impression ought to be produced by the facts mentioned by Mr. Mundella; for it is obvious that if the Education Act is largely diminishing the criminal population, the country is being amply repaid for the vast expenditure which the Act has rendered necessary. There is not much chance that, even if extravagance is carefully avoided, the outlay will become less than it has hitherto been. On the contrary, the probability is that it will be increased; and it will be very greatly increased if the system of Free Elementary Education should be adopted. This is one of the questions which will be pressed on the attention of the constituencies in the Autumn; and those who have not given much attention to the subject ought not to decide off-hand in favour of the existing system. Free Elementary Education has been tried in several countries, and the plan has invariably been found to work successfully.

NIAGARA AND OTHER PUBLIC PARKS.—There is, of course, some truth in the maxim of Abbé Grégoire, the revolutionary Bishop, whose statue was unveiled last Sunday at Lunéville: "The history of kings is the martyrology of nations." But it is, after all, only a different version of the hackneyed Virgilian line: "Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi." Nevertheless, kings have their advantages. Let us here merely cite one. We owe a good many of the parks and open spaces, which are now so highly prized, to the far-reaching privileges conferred on our monarchs in days gone by. But for this happy accident the West End of London, which is now so bountifully provided with well-grassed and wooded recreation-grounds, might be a howling wilderness of bricks and mortar. And, until within the last few years, when, as regards the central districts, action comes almost too late, collective public spirit has done very little to supplement these priceless monarchical boons. The comparatively parkless condition of Eastern, Northern, and Southern London proves this. Moreover, what has been done in the way of acquiring open spaces is due rather to individual perseverance, backed by such a powerful organisation as the City Corporation (whom, *pace* Sir W. Harcourt, may Heaven preserve!), than to the efforts of the public generally. It is quite true that in new countries, where land is cheap and unoccupied, a laudable zeal is shown in reserving tracts of ground for public recreative purposes. In laying out new townships in America and Australia this principle is rarely forgotten, and in the former country there is the finest example in the world of a national recreation-ground. The Yellowstone Park is not only remarkable for its geysers and other natural curiosities; it is as big as a second-rate European State. Then the State of New York has lately acquired the Falls of Niagara, which will, it is to be hoped, for the future be freed from unsightly buildings and dollar-hunting touts. And this leads us to say a word on a kindred topic which is of pressing interest to us Londoners. Between Hampstead and Highgate there is a tract of land—something like 500 acres in all—of unequalled beauty, comprising as it does hill, woods, meadows, and water. In fact, it only wants a paling and a name to be the finest park in London. As Lord Mansfield, the chief owner, allows free access to the greater part of this region, it is the favourite resort of the North-West Londoners. Kentish Town and Camden Town would lament sorely if these pleasant fields were delivered over to the builder. Yet such is their certain fate unless the public will bestir themselves to prevent it. Yesterday a deputation, headed by the Duke of Westminster, was to ask the Board of Works to secure this land to the public for ever, as they have secured Hampstead Heath, but, although we go to press before the result of the interview can be known, we are certain that the Board would be far more likely to say "Yes" if they could be sure that the householders of the metropolis (or, at all events, of the adjacent parishes) were ready to pay the small addition to the rates which would be needed in order to secure this unrivalled pleasure-ground for generations yet unborn.

THE GORDON MONUMENT.—Lord Salisbury has the merit, at all events, of not only quickly recognising the national wishes, but of giving them effect without undue delay. The bestowal of the Grand Cross of the Bath on General Lumsden was one instance; another was subsequently afforded by the Ministerial intimation that a medal would be issued to the Nile Expedition; now we have a promise that a national monument shall be erected to the hero of Khartoum. The Chancellor of the Exchequer pledges himself to propose a vote as soon as the questions of the position and the character of the monument have been considered. Public opinion has already pronounced on both of these problems, its demand being that a statue worthy of the foremost Englishman of the age shall be erected in Trafalgar Square. On the whole, the choice is a good one. The "finest site in Europe" badly wants a companion to Outram and Havelock, while there would be great appropriateness, as we suggested some time ago, in placing a monument to the new hero of the Nile close to the tall column from which the conqueror of Aboukir looks down. So far, therefore, all is plain sailing before the Government, nor need they fear any opposition to the vote, except perhaps, from those persons who can see nothing else in Gordon than "a man of blood." But we look for a tremendous din of discord when it comes to deciding between rival designs, and the other art questions involved in the matter. Tastes differ in aesthetic as in other affairs of life, and as every educated man considers himself as good a judge of art as his neighbour, the work is sure to come in for abundant censure, however great its merits. This, however, is looking a long way ahead; we can afford to rejoice in the knowledge that Gordon is to have a statue, without making ourselves miserable by the assumption that it must prove a monstrosity.

A SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.—There can now be no doubt that the Scotch will soon have a Secretary of their own. The Bill on the subject has been well received in the House of Lords, and as the Scotch are anxious that it should become law, it will certainly be equally well received in the House of Commons. The hope of those who are most strongly interested in the measure is that it will tend to secure for the demands of Scotland a larger share of the attention of Parliament. There is a saying that the best way to bring up children is to give them the advantage of a good deal of "judicious neglect." For some years the British Government seems to have been of opinion that this maxim ought to be applied to the management of Scotch business; but the Scotch themselves have considerable doubt whether the neglect which has been manifested with regard to their interests is "judicious." They are not so unreasonable as to expect that Parliament will do as much for their country as for Ireland; but they do think that a Bill might occasionally be passed for their benefit. Perhaps they take rather too sanguine a view of the results which will be accomplished by the new official; but they can hardly be mistaken in believing that he will have better opportunities than the Lord Advocate has enjoyed of forcing their claims on the notice of the Ministry to which he will belong. If the Bill passes in its present form, he will have the control of Scotch education. This provision does not command universal approval in Scotland; but the objections to the arrangement are not very formidable. The Scotch educational system has some peculiarities which distinguish it from the English system; and it appears reasonable that it should be entrusted to the care of the Minister who will be responsible for the management of Scotch affairs generally.

CONSERVATIVE NEWS AGENCY.—An organisation has been started for the purpose of supplying provincial newspapers professing Conservative opinions with items of news from a central source. There can be no objection in this, though we should have thought that any news which is deemed by the party-leaders worthy of circulation already attains sufficient publicity. A matter of more importance than this is the improvement in the Conservative press generally, especially in the provinces. The great mass of the English people are fair-minded, reasonable persons, with no special prejudices (except at election time, when even the coolest get rather crazy) in favour of one party rather than another. The Gladstone Government became unpopular, not because they were Liberals, but because they managed foreign policy with an imbecility which was almost sublime. The Salisbury Government, although a Tory Government may even contrive to win the confidence of the new electorate at the November pollings, provided they can show a foreign policy free alike from bullying and truckling, and a domestic policy prompt to remove undoubted grievances, yet averse to fussy interference. Such being the character of the average Englishman, it is unlikely that a newspaper will ever gain much influence which endeavours to make up for meagreness and feebleness in its general contents by personality and one-sidedness in its leaders. Rather reverse the process. Make the paper so attractive in its general information, that the most Caucus-ridden Radical cannot refrain from buying it, and then put such breadth and impartiality into the "editorials," that he shall be constrained to say: "There is something after all in this stupid old Tory creed." On the other hand, the kind of writing specially to be avoided is that which endeavours to fix disparaging personal charges on political opponents. These charges are favourite weapons

with persons whose passions are stronger than their intellects, and they rather hinder than help the cause they are meant to serve.

THE HERAT QUESTION.—Now that the Russians are reported to be in force in the Zulfiqar Pass, it is welcome news that the famous fortress of Herat will shortly be able to hold its own against all comers. The fortifications are being strengthened under British direction; heavy guns have already reached the city from Candahar and Cabul; finally, we are assured that a garrison of 15,000 or 20,000 men will shortly be provided by the Ameer. After making due allowance for exaggeration, especially in the last item, there remains enough in this agreeable news to warrant belief that Herat will be soon strong enough to stand a pretty long siege, provided its defenders prove true to their salt. That reservation, unfortunately, touches a good deal more than the defence of Herat. If we could only make sure of the Ameer's faithfulness to his "salt"—the 120,000/- per annum paid to him by the Indian Government—our difficulties would be immensely lightened. That, however, is impossible. Abdul Rahman Khan may at any moment become the ally of Russia, and when he does, India will not be long left at peace. In presence of that contingency, the Herat question loses importance except as an interesting subject for diplomatic bickering. All attention should now be devoted to considering, entirely from the standpoint of our own interests, where the frontier should be drawn so as to give India the strongest line of defence. There has been some talk lately about including Candahar within it. Would that be a good strategic position for our forepost? We doubt it; we question, indeed, whether the Helmund line is defensible against an enterprising enemy. But whether the frontier ends at Pishin or at the Khojak Amran, or elsewhere, no time should be lost in strengthening its natural defences, or in connecting it with the Indus by a railway. All this is within our power to effect; when accomplished, Herat will no more be the key of India than of Nova Scotia.

FRENCHMEN AND THE REVOLUTION.—The festival in honour of the French Revolution seems to have excited less enthusiasm this year than on any previous occasion. This was due in part, no doubt, to the fact that the Republic is disliked more and more by many of the well-off classes in France, and that the Communists have abandoned all hope of attaining their ends without a fresh social convulsion. It may be, however, that some Frenchmen who are perfectly loyal to the Republic have begun to think that they have heard more than enough about the Revolution. It would not be surprising if this were so, for there is no subject about which so much nonsense has been talked. According to some fanatics, the modern world has hardly a single good characteristic which is not to be attributed to the series of events which began with the taking of the Bastille. If you are interested in what are called social movements, you are told that your sympathy with the poor would have been impossible but for the French Revolution. Should you believe that free institutions are better than the rule of an absolute Monarchy, or an aristocracy, or an oligarchy, the French Revolution gets all the credit of your enlightened opinion. If you love natural scenery, you are assured that it was the French Revolution which opened the eyes of mankind to the grandeur and beauty of the outward world. The wonder is that we have not heard of anticipatory results of the French Revolution; for if we admire mountains and the sea because '89 is behind us, why should it not be said that men took to eating and drinking and to building houses because '89 was coming? Frenchmen would lose nothing, but gain much, if they ceased to think of their Revolution as the centre of human history. Even the ordinary French Radical might then be induced to admit that there were great men in his country before the days of Robespierre and Marat.

SUMMER CLOTHING FOR POLICEMEN AND POSTMEN.—It is a decided objection to some branches of the Government service that a man cannot dress as he pleases. Englishmen are, as a rule, not fond of distinctive clothing. Witness how eager the naval or military officer is to slip out of his uniform into *mufti*. Humble Government officials do not possess a similar license. They must always wear the livery of their station. Thus the policeman, or the postman, becomes necessarily a marked man. Of this we do not complain. It is essential to his calling. But we do complain that, for part of the year at any rate, he should also be an uncomfortable man. Yet this must be so if he wears the same clothes all the year round. Either he has too much on in summer, or too little in winter. The *Lancet* has recently drawn attention to this topic, and we desire to back up its remarks. For several seasons, of late years, as soon as the warm weather regularly sets in, the porters at the metropolitan stations exchange their bottle-green velveteen for striped cotton jackets, and very nice and cool they look. Cannot Lord John Manners and the Police Commissioners confer a similar boon on the men under their charge? As for the woollen underclothing which the *Lancet* thinks would be absolutely necessary in this changeable climate if summer "togs" were served out, we would leave that to the men to settle for themselves. Some feel the want of underclothing, others do not. In such matters the wearer is a better judge than any one else of what is conducive to his own personal comfort.

RAILWAY COUPLINGS.—We are glad to see Mr. Broadhurst taking up the question of railway couplings. On more than one occasion we have endeavoured to draw the attention of the powers that be to this important matter, but without much avail. Use and wont stand on the side of the present obsolete appliances, and, in this eminently conservative country, they are almost invincible. The answer given by Baron de Worms to Mr. Broadhurst strikingly illustrates their power. In 1882 the Board of Trade had it forced on their comprehension that an appalling number of accidents, generally attended by fatal consequences, occurred to railway employés while engaged in shunting operations. As an exhibition of improved coupling appliances was opportunely being held at Darlington, the Board deputed some of their officials to visit the show with a view to inspect the contents. Mr. Broadhurst naturally conceived that a report would have been called for, and on this assumption he moved that a copy should be laid on the table of the House. Baron de Worms quickly set him right. The officials did not make any report because "the Board of Trade had not instructed them to do so," and these gentlemen might, therefore, have remained away from Darlington for all the benefit the public received from their visit. Is nothing going to be done, then, to lessen the danger of shunting operations? Yes; some Board of Trade functionaries are serving on one of the juries at the Inventions' Exhibition in connection with railway appliances, "and, no doubt," says Baron de Worms, with the nonchalance of quite an old Red Tapeist, "the report of the jury will be made public later on." We only hope that the Board of Trade will not again forget to call for it. Automatic railway couplings have been in use in the United States for several years, and it reflects discredit on England that she should lag behind in a matter of the commonest humanity.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of Two WHOLE SHEETS, one of which is devoted to an ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF LEEDS.

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" 22 . . . 8.45 a.m. . . . 8.50 a.m. . . . 8.50 a.m.

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Peebles . . . 4.31 6.45 8.0 . . . 9.28 12.35

Greenock . . . 5.40 7.15 9.5 11.42 7.10 . . . 3.45 10.45 2.50

Oban . . . 9.43 . . . 4.45 . . . 12.15 2.34 6.17

Perth . . . 8.50 . . . 9.35 11.50 7.25 8.15 9.5 11.10 3.45

Dundee . . . 7.50 . . . 10.30 11.0 8.20 10.0 10.0 12.0 4.45

Aberdeen . . . 10.0 . . . 3.20 3.20 9.55 11.55 11.55 2.15 8.30

Inverness . . . 8.0 . . . 8.0 10.50 2.45 2.45 6.5 . . .

The 8.40 p.m. EXPRESS from EUSTON to PERTH will run from Monday, July 20th, to Tuesday, August 11th (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted), as a Relief Train to the 8.50 p.m. Limited Mail. The Train will take saloons with family parties and sleeping and ordinary carriages for Perth and beyond, but will not pick up passengers en route. By this means an undisturbed journey will be secured, and the earlier arrival at Perth will give ample time for breakfast, &c., before going forward to the Highlands.

THE HIGHLAND EXPRESS (8.0 p.m.) will run every night (Saturdays excepted).

A Special Train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 7.0 p.m. from Monday, 13th July, to Tuesday, August 11th, inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and carriages to all parts of Scotland.

It will run every night, but on Sunday Mornings its arrival at Perth will be 8.30 a.m., and Inverness 1.30 p.m., and it will have no connection to Oban. (Saturday nights from London.) It will run every night, but will have no connection to Edinburgh and the North on Saturday night. It will run every night (Saturdays excepted).

Saloons provided with Lavatory accommodation are attached to the 10.0 a.m. down express train from Euston to Edinburgh and Glasgow, &c., without extra charge.

IMPROVED SLEEPING SALOONS, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, and Perth. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

CALLANDER AND OBAN LINE.

The line to Oban affords the quickest and most comfortable route to the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

For particulars of improved train service from Scotland to London see the Companies' time bills.

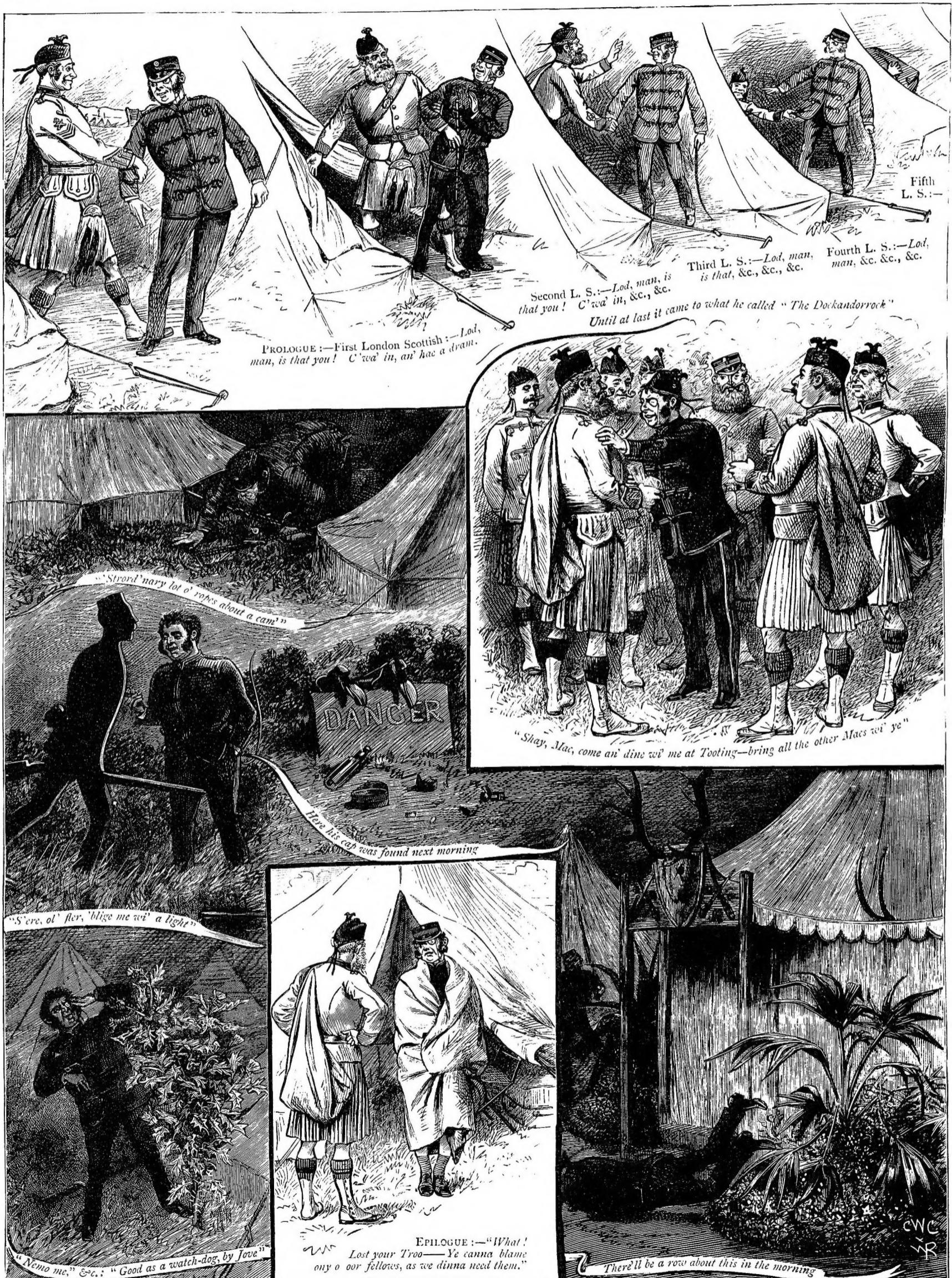
G. FINDLAY, General Manager, L. and N.W. Railway.

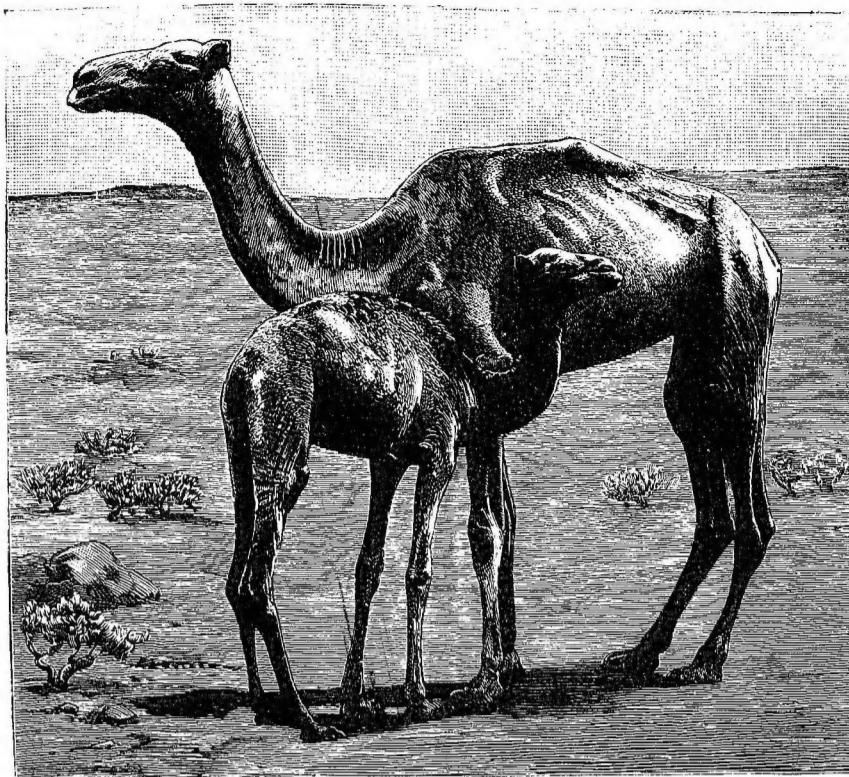
J. THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

July, 1885.

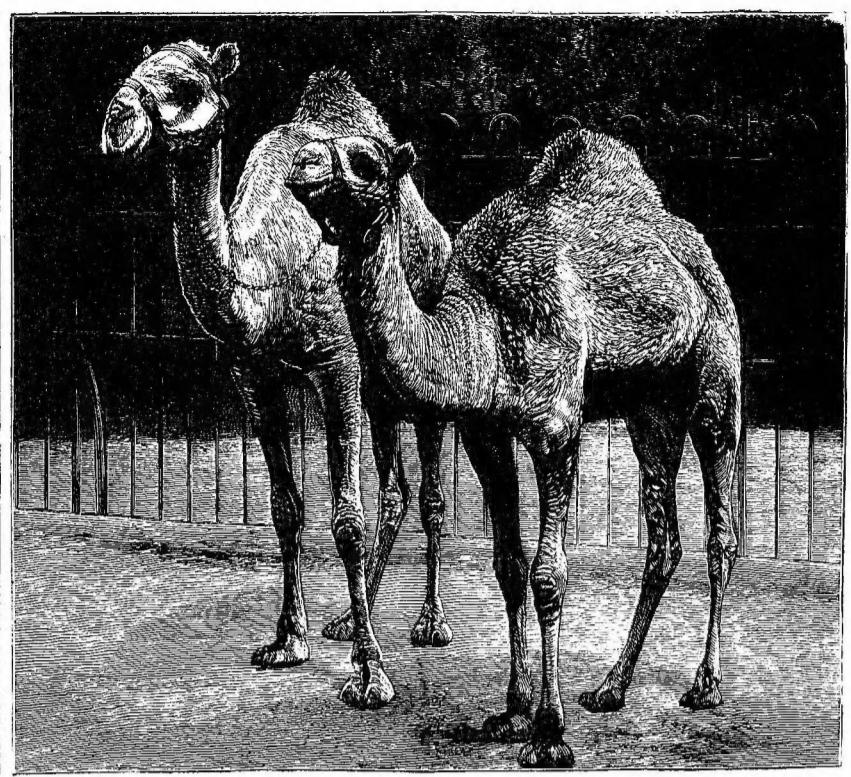
NEW MORNING SERVICE TO THE CONTINENT.—

An Express Day Service between London and Antwerp will commence on the 25th inst., when the Great Eastern Railway Company will run a special Continental train



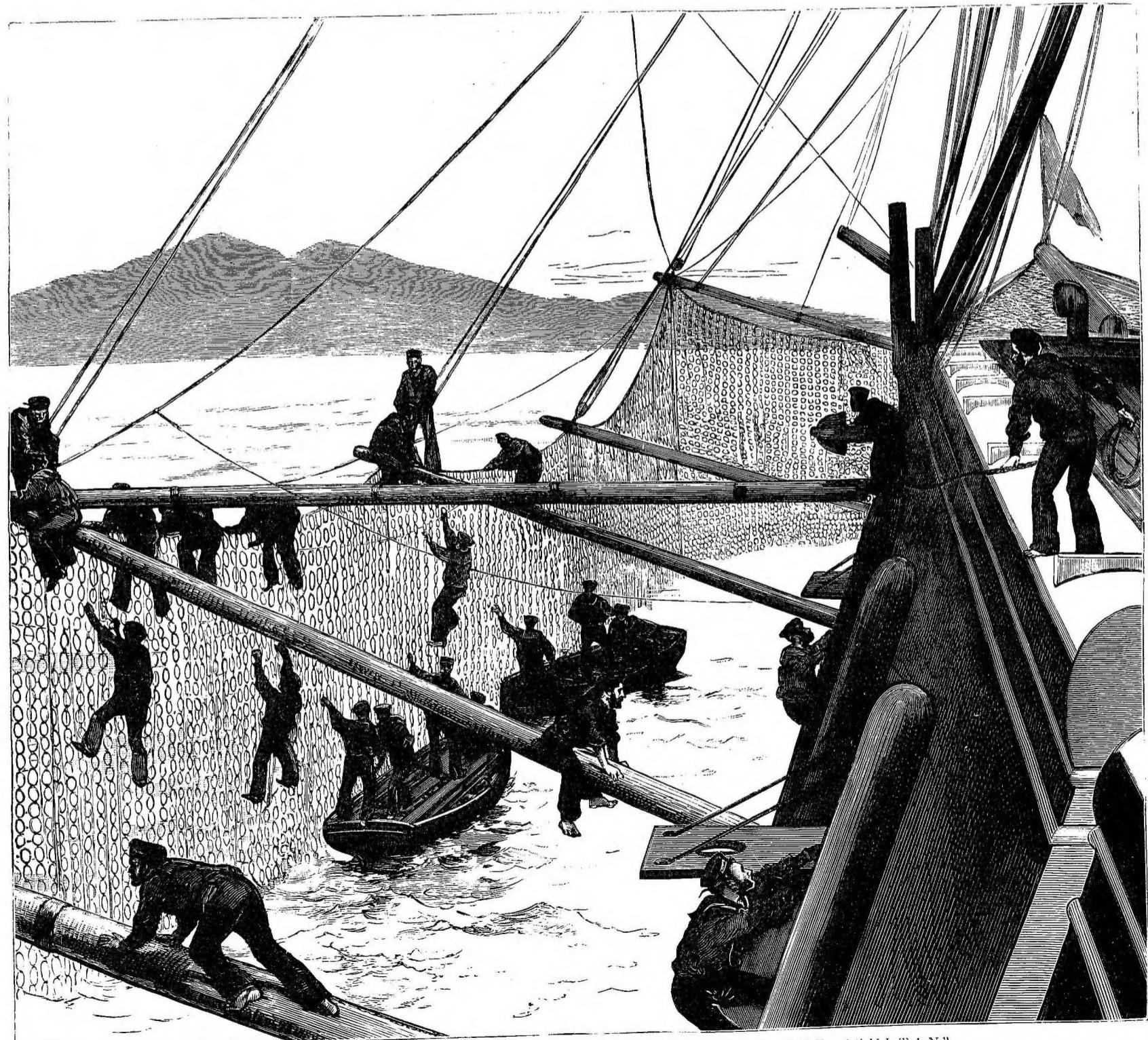


AS THEY WERE WHEN TAKEN TO THE GARDENS—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



AS THEY ARE NOW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

CAMELS FROM EL-TEB, SOUDAN, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

THROWING OUT TORPEDO-NETS TO PROTECT THE "SULTAN"
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PARTICULAR SERVICE SQUADRON AT BLACKSOD BAY, IRELAND

HYDRAULIC GOLD-MINING IN THE AUSTRALIAN ALPS

KIANDRA, where these mines are situated, lies at the heads of the Snowy, Tumut, and Murrumbidgee Rivers, at a height of 5,000 feet above sea level. The township (a collection of wooden huts, with here and there a larger house of the same material) lies about 130 miles N.W. of Twofold Bay on the south west coast of New South Wales. At present it is reached by rail from Sydney to Cootamundra; coach from Cootamundra to Tumut; and then a sixty-four mile ride of the roughest imaginable description, which skirting the hills that enclose the Tumut Valley, after ten hours in the saddle, brings the traveller to the Kiandra plains. Away in the distance, twelve miles off, we can see the little cluster of houses which constitute the township; a little nearer a white streak shows us where some of the hydraulic mines have been at work washing away the everlasting hills. In the background, sharply outlined against the pale blue sky, the peaks of the great Bogong and Tabletop Mountains, while a little to the right, though fully thirty miles off, the traveller discovers in the marvellously clear atmosphere the form of Mount Kosciusko, the highest mountain known in Australia. We are now 5,000 feet above sea level; and though it is in the middle of summer, and only about four P.M., the air is quite sharp and bracing.

After reaching our destination and despatching a well-earned repast, we are content to let the wonders of hydraulic mining be until the morrow. Next day we are early in the saddle, and away to the mines. From all accounts there seems to be a well-defined belt of auriferous country about forty miles long, and two or three wide. Riding along the narrow bush tracks we could see, miles off, the races or water ditches cut round the sides of the hills for the purpose of catching all the water and conveying it to immense reservoirs, there to be stored until needed. From these reservoirs the water is brought to the pipe head reservoir, which is formed at the top of the hill overlooking the mine. At the end of the pipe head reservoir is a wooden box, into the base of which a large iron pipe is fixed, eighteen inches in diameter. This pipe is carried down the hill, gradually narrowing in size until it finishes in a moveable nozzle about five inches in width. The result is that when the water is turned on at the main valve, the pressure of water through the constantly narrowing two or three hundred feet of pipe, laid on a great incline, is so great, that it rushes out of the nozzle or monitor, as it is termed, like a polished shaft of silver. Some idea may be formed of this shaft of water from the following little experiments I tried. I opened my penknife and tried to thrust the blade into it—the point, by dint of extreme pressure, entered about a quarter of an inch; this was with the edge of the blade turned towards the rushing water. I clasped the column of water in my two hands. The sensation was just as if I had taken hold of a very well-greased piston shaft; the impression I could make being about equal in each case.

Of course, such a jet directed upon a gravelly rock cuts into it as if it were butter. Huge boulders and rocks come tumbling and splashing down under the fire of such an instrument; whatever the compressed stream is directed upon must go. In the course of a day thousands of tons of wash dirt are carried away by the immense stream of water brought to bear upon the face of the mine. The whole of this *débris* is washed down a shaft sunk in the centre of the mine, like the tube at the base of a funnel. From the bottom of the shaft a tunnel is cut to the outer world, coming out somewhere at the base of the hill. The whole of this tunnel is laid with blocks of wood with well-defined interstices between; the same thing is done with some hundreds of yards of tail races which form a continuation to the tunnel. The gold being very heavy soon sinks to the bottom, and lodges in some chink or crevice in the wooden pavement. At certain distances, what are known as undercurrents are placed, over which the water and dirt flows at a lesser velocity in order to check any lighter particles of gold which might be swept away in the current of the tail races, but the fact that much gold is not lost is amply proved by the assertions of the mining managers that it does not pay to take up the end of the tail races.

After three or four months' continuous sluicing the monitor is stopped; a hundred weight or so of quicksilver is poured out in the head of the tunnel after taking up all the wood blocks and stacking them along the wall, and with little hand shovels the men carefully rake together everything upon the level floor of the tunnels and tail races, and fill it into buckets, when it is treated as ordinary amalgam. Thus far the results of the Kiandra Mines have been very good, though this form of gold mining is in its infancy in Australia. The great necessity for this sort of mining is unlimited water, and the proprietors of these mines have some scheme for bringing in the head waters of the left-hand branch of the Tumut River. If they succeed in doing this, which is only a question of expense, there is but little doubt that the Mines of Kiandra, N.S.W., will rank with the best gold mines in California.

G. R. A.

A VISIT TO THE LONDON SCOTTISH CAMP AT WIMBLEDON

THOSE who have not had the privilege of being born north of the Border may not understand the boundless hospitality which good Scotsmen extend to any one properly introduced, and who is also a good fellow. Mr. Lothbury is supposed to have passed the board, and hence the various offers of refreshment he receives, and to which he ultimately succumbs. "Dockandorrock" is an "English pock-pudden" way of spelling the Gaelic words signifying a stirrup cup. The trousers episode is intended to suggest that some one has hidden Mr. L.—'s "bags," because of his evident partiality for "kitties."

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

POPE LEO XIII. was a long time making up his mind as to whom he should select for the vacant Archbispopric of Dublin, but as might have been expected, when he had to choose between the presumed desires of the British Government, as conveyed through the mysterious Mr. Errington, and the loudly-expressed aspirations of Nationalist ecclesiastics, he decided in favour of the latter. The advanced Irish party were naturally highly delighted when a telegram arrived from Rome announcing that the Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, Vicar Capitular, and President of the College of Maynooth, had been appointed to the vacant See. The Nationalists regard Dr. Walsh as an ardent sympathiser, but there is nothing in his public life to warrant such a belief. He has never taken an active part in politics, but has been devoted exclusively to a scholastic life, nor could his views have been distasteful to Cardinals Cullen and McCabe, as those promoted him to be first a professor, and finally the president and responsible administrator of a college specially intended for the education of candidates for the priesthood.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Lafayette, 30, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.

MR. JOHN SYER,

AN old member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and a regular contributor to its exhibition died recently at Exeter, after a few days' illness, at the age of seventy. He had gone to Exeter for sketching purposes, and was taken ill with congestion of the lungs. Mr. Syer was born at Atherstone, but spent most of his early life in Bristol. He was one of the last of that school of which David Cox was the leader. His

bold free representations of Welsh and English scenery are well known, and under his broad brush trees, rocks, and skies were dashed in with a spontaneous freedom which set aside all theories connected with laborious finish. His skill remained unabated to the end. Some years ago Mr. Syer was a member of the Society of British Artists, but resigned his membership after his election to the Institute.—Our engraving is from a photograph by J. Hawke, Plymouth.

WITH THE EVOLUTIONARY SQUADRON AT BLACKSOD BAY—THE TORPEDO CURTAIN

WHATEVER may be said of torpedoes, this engine of destruction is still in its infancy, and the probability that it will revolutionise all the future naval warfare is still on the *lapsis*, whatever may be the uncertainty that still follows the erratic movements of some of these destructive missiles. However we may sneer at the curious behaviour of the present torpedoes, science is ever at work, and therefore it is necessary to keep a vigilant watch, and to protect our ships as much as possible from a too close an acquaintance with these "Davy Jones locker" persuaders. The majority of the ships with the late Evolutionary Squadron were protected with wire netting sufficiently strong, and with resisting power to explode the Whitehead torpedoes. Booms working on hinges moving outward from the ship's sides support curtains composed of stout iron rings. The booms are worked by pulleys from inboard, and can be hauled up or down at pleasure. When up they form festoons like a mosquito curtain round an Indian bedstead, but with meshes that would defy even the mosquitos of Mark Twain's Florida story. In a few minutes, at a given signal, the curtain can be submerged to a depth of fifteen feet, a distance sufficient to intercept the rush of a Whitehead. My sketch represents H. M. *Sultan* casting round her this nautical *ziriba*. The bluejackets, with their usual agility and adaptability to any kind of novel undertaking, almost hang on by their eyelids and toes while they spin their net to catch the lively torpedo.

F. V.

"PEACE, WAR, AND THEN PEACE AGAIN"

THESE engravings, which are from sketches by Lieut. Francis J. Pink, of the Queen's Regiment, Allahabad, India, are pretty clearly explained by the description attached to the illustrations; but it may be added that the whole series represent solid facts, and are not evolved from the ingenious artist's inner consciousness. The accidents and disappointments depicted actually occurred to an officer stationed at Allahabad. Having embarked at Bombay to enjoy fifteen months' home-leave, he literally had to go on shore again with only his personal cabin luggage, as the "trooper," which had the rest of his belongings in her hold, was just about to start.

TWO CAMELS FROM THE SOUDAN

See page 67

OUR engravings of the camels are from photographs by Briggs and Son, 40, High Street, St. John's Wood, N.W.

FESTIVAL OF THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN ASYLUM

SO many Scotsmen fell during the sanguinary wars of the early part of this century that the above Institution was founded in 1815, soon after the Battle of Waterloo, for "supporting and educating the children of soldiers, sailors, and marines, natives of Scotland, who have died or been disabled in the service of their country; and also the children of indigent Scottish parents residing in London not receiving parochial relief."

The present Asylum was built in Copenhagen Fields, Islington (now known as Caledonian Road), in 1828. It was enlarged some seventeen years after, and now accommodates ninety-five boys and sixty-one girls. Adequate playgrounds, and suitable apartments for the officials are also provided.

No less than 2,000 children have been educated in the School since its foundation, but its funds have been sorely crippled by the commercial depression of the last few years, and benevolent persons, anxious to bestow their charity worthily, could not easily find a more deserving object for their subscriptions.

Every year the children are taken for a thorough day's holiday, and this year the outing, which took place on July 8th, was of a more than ordinarily enjoyable description, owing to the kindness of Mr. George Taylor, of the well-known firm of photographers, Messrs. A. and G. Taylor. This gentleman, who is a liberal supporter of the Asylum, placed his extensive grounds at Marjery Hall, Reigate, at the disposal of the directors. The morning was, unfortunately, rather rainy, but the wet did not materially affect the children's enjoyment, as Mr. Taylor had thoughtfully provided swings and other means of entertainment in a sheltered portion of the grounds. Shortly after 1 P.M., the boys and girls, the former clad in Highland costumes, and the latter in characteristic tartan dresses, were entertained at dinner in a spacious marquee, a smaller marquee elsewhere being provided for the luncheon of Mr. Taylor and his grown-up friends. After dinner, while the company were surveying the beautiful scenery from the top of the hill on which Marjery Hall stands, the boys and girls came marching among the trees like a body of soldiers. Their pretty dresses, their contented countenances, and their steady marching, under Mr. A. Mansfield (bandleader) and Sergeant Major Paton (pipe major), were much admired, while the hearts of many of the Scottish friends were thrilled by the boys' capital pipe music. After this the children were photographed—then followed tea, in the evening all kinds of sports, sword dances, flings, and reels were indulged in, and finally, before they left the hall, Mr. A. Taylor distributed new coins among the boys and girls by way of prizes. The Caledonian children are not likely to forget their happy holiday at Marjery Hall.

RIEL'S REBELLION

THE man who captured Riel, Thomas T. Hourie, is a Scotch half-breed belonging to Prince Albert. He and two others were doing scouts' duty about four miles from Batoche when they came up with Riel. Said the rebel leader: "I suppose you are looking for me?" to which the half-breed replied: "Waal, yes, I guess you're the man," and took him up on his horse behind him.

On his way to join General Strange in his pursuit after Big Bear, our artist passed the scene of the fight between Strange and the Indian rebels on May 28th. Rifle-pits had been thrown up on the brow of the hills, extending for a mile-and-a-half. These pits were very ingeniously concealed from view by cutting off the tops of the bushes and young trees, and letting them fall in front of them. Wagons and carts of all descriptions, and hundreds of bags of flour, pork, and other provisions, together with quantities of clothing and furniture, all stolen by the rebels, and abandoned by them in their precipitate flight, lay scattered over the ground.

On May 29th, the Indian agent at Battleford started with an escort of the North-West Mounted Police for the Red Pheasant and Stony Indian Reserves to search for any arms that might not have been handed in at the time of the surrender two days before. The house of Applegarth, the Farm Instructor, being Government property, was carefully examined to see what damage had been done there. All the Indians, also, and their families, were turned out of their lodges, and a thorough search made of them. One sketch shows the escape of Farm Instructor Applegarth and his wife from his home on the Red Pheasant Reserve when the Stony Indians were after him. The old chief Red Pheasant was perfectly loyal, and when he heard of the intention of the Stonies to come and kill Applegarth, he went and told him, and helped him and his wife to get off just in

the nick of time to save their lives. The Stony Indians have the worst reputation of any of the Red men in British America, except perhaps Big Bear's band, and it was at their Reserve that Payne, their Farm Instructor, was so foully murdered by one of them at the beginning of the outbreak. Poor Payne had treated the Stony Indians with the greatest kindness, and had such confidence in their loyalty that he wanted the Government to furnish them with arms, so that they might help in thrashing Poundmaker's band. Payne showed them how to build houses (a sketch is given of their first attempts in this way), and strove in every way to soften and civilise their savage nature.

Two of the steamers in which the troops came up the North Saskatchewan from Battleford are shown in another engraving. Fort Edmonton is one of the original Hudson's Bay Company's posts. This place General Strange relieved before proceeding to Fort Pitt.

The "muskegs" are mossy bogs, and are very troublesome places for travellers to pass. Casualties are common; in the shape of horses sinking in, wagons upsetting, &c.—Our engravings are from sketches by R. W. Rutherford.

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by C. Reinhart, is continued on page 69.

LEEDS ILLUSTRATED

See pp. 73 et seqq.



THE week in the House of Commons has been almost exclusively devoted to Supply, and considerable progress has been made. The attitude of the Liberal Opposition excites the warm gratitude of the Conservative Leaders. There is nothing approaching a spirit of Obstruction. On the contrary, every assistance is afforded for passing the votes, which consequently have advanced by leaps and bounds. It would be difficult to find within the last ten years parallel circumstances to those which now exist. Nor is there, it should be said, anything in the way of scamping work. The votes have during the past week been discussed with as much fulness as during any Session of the last two Parliaments. But there is a wide difference between discussion and obstruction, and the Government and the country are just now benefiting by it. Nor is the serenity of the scene disturbed by the Irish members. In view of the disinclination of the Government to join hands with them in the attack upon Lord Spencer they have given one or two ominous warnings which may presage livelier times. On Monday for example, after long abstention from the putting of cunningly devised questions, they suddenly appeared on the scene and swamped the paper. But on the whole their conduct has been such as to bring about the probably designed effect, and make members of the late Ministry look with regret upon the rare opportunities of their successors.

On Monday it fell to the lot of Mr. W. H. Smith to move the Supplementary Estimates on account of the Army. These carried the House back to the time when the question of peace or war trembled in the balance. The Government having determined to call out the Reserves, provision was made for thirty-five thousand men, and Mr. Smith now moved the vote for them. He endeavoured, unsuccessfully as it proved, to soothe the sensibilities of the Radical Members by declaring that it was not the intention of the Government to go beyond the action already taken by their predecessors, by which 12,000 men had been called to the colours. Still, he said with a significant reference to the yet unfinished state of the negotiations with Russia, it was necessary that the Government should have full power to call up the men if necessary. In this view he was supported by Lord Hartington. But the Radicals were not to be appeased. Mr. Rylands moved to reduce the number of men to 12,000, and after a long and not very earnest debate the amendment was rejected by 98 votes against 12.

In the course of the conversation the question of Sir John M'Neill's responsibility in the matter of the surprise of Baker's *ziriba* was brought up. A pretty general opinion was expressed on both sides that, even in the interests of Sir John M'Neill himself, it was desirable to follow the usual course and have a court martial. To Lord Hartington fell the unpleasant task of defending the action of the authorities in hushing up the matter. This Lord Hartington did in a petulant manner that showed how uncongenial the task was to him. Mr. W. H. Smith sheltered himself behind the authority and responsibility of the late Secretary for War, and, no one liking to take upon himself the unpleasant duty of running counter to august and occult influences, the royal *equerry* was left undisturbed in possession of his laurels.

Another personal episode of the sitting related to the reinstatement of Hobart Pasha on the retired list. A very decided opinion was expressed from both sides of the House that this was an indefensible matter savouring strongly of a "job." But here again officialism on the two Front Benches joined hands, and formed a kind of *ziriba* around the Anglo-Turkish Admiral. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, in an awkward speech delivered in a restrained manner, and frequently interrupted by ironical cheers and laughter, defended the action of Lord Northbrook and Earl Granville in replacing Hobart Pasha's name on the Admiralty list. "Seldom," said Mr. Bryce in following the late Postmaster-General, "has the House heard a more inadequate defence for overlooking a breach of the law." Mr. Bryce pointed out that Lord Beaconsfield's Government had been proof against the efforts made in aristocratic quarters to make Hobart Pasha a pensioner upon the English Exchequer. But what that much abused Government had shrunk from, two Liberal Ministers, apparently without the knowledge of their colleagues, had accomplished. The present Government felt bound to stand by their predecessors, and the two Front Benches with their immediate followers defeated independent members on both sides by nearly two to one.

As invariably happens at similar epochs to the present, when the Opposition has changed places with the Government of the day, there are some amusing and embarrassing examples of inconsistency brought to light. Curses uttered in Opposition come home to roost in office. Two striking instances of this succeeded each other on Monday and Tuesday night. On Monday Dr. Cameron brought up again the subject of the failure of the Commissariat Department. This is a familiar subject with him, and when last year he had introduced it Mr. Guy Dawnay, all unconscious of his approaching greatness, had seized the opportunity to make a violent attack upon the Government whilst supporting Dr. Cameron's motion. Now, by an odd chance, Mr. Dawnay found himself in the position of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance specially charged with the defence of that very system he had formerly denounced. Mr. Dawnay has had the opportunity already of studying Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Michael Beach, and other of his colleagues in a similar position, and acquitted himself with great gravity. It was, he said, true that he had last year sympathised with Dr. Cameron when he made similar charges. "But now," said Mr. Dawnay without a smile, though the House was roaring with laughter, "I

am in a better position to judge;" and straightway he went on to show that if there is a well ordered department in the British Government or any other Government it is the Commissariat.

The other example happened on Tuesday night in the matter of the vote for the Scotch Land Registry. This department of the State is maintained at a cost of some 6,000/- a year, and last year the combined staff had registered six estates. This is an old scandal which comes up nearly every year, and is pretty certain to be set at rest in the new Parliament. When it was under discussion last year Sir Henry Holland, being then in Opposition, warmly supported Mr. W. Fowler in denouncing the vote, which he described as "a continued waste of public money." On Tuesday Sir Henry Holland, as Secretary to the Treasury, found himself in the position of defending the vote. Sir Henry dealt with the matter with an engaging frankness. He admitted that in changing sides he had not changed his opinion on this subject, but his position would, of course, prevent his voting for the amendment. At one time, looking at the state of the House, and taking into consideration the earnest appeal made by Sir R. Cross against going to a division, it seemed as if the Government would be beaten. But somehow or other men sprung up from all hidden parts of the House, and went to make up a majority in favour of the vote, many of them, there is too much reason to believe, not having the slightest idea of what they were supporting. This is a state of things which only proves how little the course of affairs in the House of Commons is altered by the accident of a change of Ministry.



ROYAL VISIT TO LEEDS.—On Wednesday the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Leeds for the purpose of opening the Yorkshire College, a full account of which will be found in our Supplement, page 78. The town was gaily decorated, the weather was favourable, and the Royal visitors were heartily welcomed, though some disappointment was felt that they had not made their stay at Kirkstall Grange in the immediate suburbs, as Mr. Beckett Denison had offered them the use of his mansion. Owing, however, to the miscarriage of a letter, Mr. Denison's invitation was not received until too late. The Royal party first went in procession to the Town Hall, which was opened by the Queen and Prince Consort in 1858. Here the usual addresses and speeches were made; one of the most agreeable items of the programme being the singing by a chorus, in genuine Yorkshire style, of *Conversi's* 16th century madrigal, "When all alone my pretty love was playing." Then followed the grand event of the day, the opening of the Yorkshire College, and then a luncheon at the Coliseum, a newly-erected edifice affording better accommodation than any other in the town for great public gatherings. In his speech at the banquet the Prince of Wales referred to the importance attached to music in Yorkshire, and advised the authorities of the Yorkshire College to add music to the list of subjects taught in their institution, if it could be managed at some future time. Lord Ripon, the chairman of the gathering, in replying to the toast of his health, said that the friends of the College hoped hereafter to place the crown upon their work by coming into close and complete union with the Victoria University. For that purpose 50,000/- was required, of which 28,000/- had already been raised. After this the Royal visitors passed through some of the principal business streets, which were crammed with sight-seers, leaving at 5 P.M. with Lord Ripon for Studley Royal.

LORD IDDESLIGH, who has no departmental duties to perform at the Treasury, will be the Chairman of the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade, which, in fulfilment of pledges given by the Conservative leaders when in opposition, is about to be appointed by the Government.

AT THE INSTANCE OF THE NEW PREMIER, Peerages have been conferred on Colonel Sir R. Loyd Lindsay, the Conservative member for Berkshire, who was Financial Secretary for War during the last year of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, and on Sir Balliol Brett, the Master of the Rolls.

BARONETIES have been conferred on Lord Mayor Fowler and on Mr. Thomas Thornhill, who has been since 1875 one of the members for West Suffolk, and who has lately acted as a Conservative Whip. Mr. Webster, the new Attorney-General, has been knighted.

SIR HENRY FLETCHER, the Conservative member for Horsham, has been appointed by the Queen Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting. Sir Francis Sandford, formerly Secretary of the Education Department, recently a Boundary Commissioner, and Sir Massey Lopes, M.P., who was a Civil Lord of the Admiralty in the last Conservative Government, are to be made Privy Councillors.

THE HOPES OF THE CONSERVATIVES and their leaders that the party will gain a majority at the General Election have been further strengthened by the result of the contest in North Lincolnshire for the seat vacated through Mr. Rowland Winn's elevation to the Peerage. The Conservative candidate, Mr. Atkinson, has been returned by a majority of 1,180, nearly three times that of Mr. James Lowther, the successful Conservative candidate at the last election for the division.

ON MONDAY MORNING the twenty-sixth prize meeting of the National Rifle Association was opened at Wimbledon. The scene differed a little from that of former years in the somewhat diminished number of regimental camps and in the small amount of floral and other decorations about and in the tents. The number of their occupants, however, was very large—in all some 1,800 officers and men—and never have they seemed more intent on business than this year. Nor has anything but satisfaction been expressed with the changes made by the Association in the regulations as to shooting. Monday was a sunny day, with a light wind which would have been more welcome to the marksmen had its fickleness been less trying. The chief proceedings of the day were the shooting for the Alexandra Prize, open to all comers, and the Inter-University competition in small-bore shooting. The Challenge Cup in this contest was again carried off by Oxford, though with a much smaller majority of points than on the last occasion. In the Alexandra competition the highest prize, 30/-, was won by Corporal Loach, 1st Notts, with a score of 64, the second, 20/-, by Private Kyar, 2nd Forfar, with the same score, but not so well made up. Wimbledon escaped the rain which fell in torrents in London on Monday evening, and the competition for the Queen's prize, began on Tuesday morning under favourable conditions, and was continued on Wednesday. The shooting was much in advance of last year, when 65 competitors had scores at the two ranges of 60 and more, whereas there this year are no fewer than 117 who have thus acquitted themselves. Lord Spencer has been shooting at the long ranges, and Countess Spencer it is said, will distribute the prizes on Saturday next, the 25th inst.

DESIROUS OF SHOWING his "practical sympathy" with his tenantry at a time of agricultural depression, Lord Salisbury is giving them a rebate of 10 per cent. in their rents for three years, beginning with the half-year due last February.

LORD WOLSELEY AND HIS STAFF landed at Dover on Monday afternoon, when Lady Wolseley welcomed him home, Lady Charles

Beresford being also there to greet her gallant husband, who attracted much attention from the onlookers. On his arrival the same day at Victoria Station from Dover, Lord Wolseley received a most cordial reception from a distinguished assemblage on the platform, Lord Alcester being among the first to greet him. A vast crowd outside the station cheered him enthusiastically when, accompanied by his wife and daughter, he succeeded in penetrating the dense mass of spectators and entered his carriage. The day after their arrival in London, Lord Wolseley paid a visit to the War Office, and Lord Charles Beresford to the Admiralty.

A CONFERENCE to promote legislation for the protection of young girls has been sitting this week in London, under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P.

MR. TREVELyan spoke at Leamington on Wednesday in support of the Speaker's candidature, at the General Election, for South Warwickshire. Referring to the rejection of Mr. Childers' Budget, which he described as an honest attempt to divide the burden of additional expenditure between the consumer and the owner of property, he said that the landowners and clergymen, and villa residents and fundholders, the great majority of whom, he added, are Tories, will have to pay the cost of all exceptional expenditure from this time forward, as the price for putting their leaders in office during the last six months of the life of the present Parliament.

THE FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING of the British Association is to be held at Aberdeen, from the 9th to the 17th September, under the presidency of Sir Lyon Playfair. Her Majesty has granted permission for a visit to Balmoral by an excursion party of members of the Association.

THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY OF IRISH PROTESTANTISM falling this year on Sunday, its chief celebration was on Monday, when a number of largely-attended meetings was held throughout Ulster. There were several collisions between the Orange processionists and Roman Catholic malcontents.

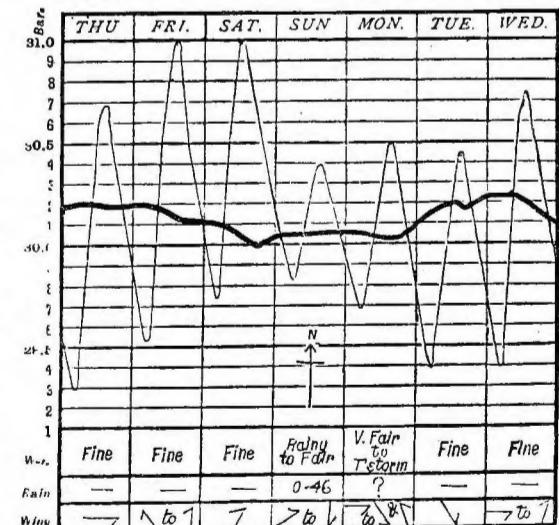
CONSIDERABLE EXCITEMENT has been caused in Ireland by the failure of the Munster Bank, from which, in consequence of disclosures made in the course of recent litigation, there has been a continuous withdrawal of deposits. The nominal capital was 1,500,000/-, of which 505,000/- has been paid up. It is hoped that, even without a call, the assets will be found sufficient to meet all the liabilities to the public.

ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK ON TUESDAY MORNING POLICE-CONSTABLE DAVIS, of the X Division, suspecting that something was wrong, ascended a builder's ladder left against an unoccupied house in Kensington Park Gardens, while a fellow-constable watched the premises from below. On alighting from the ladder, Davis was attacked by two masked burglars, one of whom, after a struggle of some duration, discharged a revolver at him four times. When other constables arrived, Davis was found on the roof insensible and bleeding, and was conveyed to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The revolver has been found; but the burglars escaped, probably through an adjoining house.

THE OBITUARY of the week includes the death, in his thirty-third year, at Fairfield, Shrewsbury, of Dr. Poole, Missionary Bishop of Japan; of Mr. J. J. Ellis, Consul-General for Persia; in or about his sixty-fifth year, and under distressing circumstances, of Mr. D. Macleod Smith, Sheriff-Substitute of Elginshire; at the advanced age of ninety, of Mr. William Veitch, the eminent Greek Scholar of Edinburgh, best known by his "Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective," Editor of "Homer," and sometime engaged in the revision of Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, on whom, late in life, the University of Edinburgh bestowed the degree of LL.D.; and, in his eighty-fourth year of the Hon. Henry Spencer Law, fourth son of the first Lord Ellenborough, brother of the late, and uncle of the present, Earl. Mr. Law was the godson of two Prime Ministers—Henry Addington and Spencer Perceval. He entered the Army in the First Life Guards, and the Duke of Wellington in 1828 gave him and his brother, the Hon. W. Law, permission to act on the staff of General, afterwards Marshal, Maison commanding the French Army of Liberation in the Morea. Returning home, he became private secretary to his brother, the late Earl of Ellenborough, who appointed him clerk of the Docquets, a sinecure, on the abolition of which he was compensated with a pension.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

The weather during the past week has been rather cloudy and rainy over Ireland and Scotland, but mostly fine and bright over England. In the course of the period several depressions have passed along our North-Western Coasts in a Northerly or North-Easterly direction, and have produced strong Southerly wind at times, with rain and unsettled conditions in those regions generally. Elsewhere over Western Europe pressure has been high, the portion of the area of highest readings varying a little from day to day, but the height of the mercurial column undergoing little change. The winds over England have therefore been light and chiefly from some Southerly or Westerly point, while the weather (with the exception of one day) has been fine and bright, but not very hot. The exception was on Sunday, when, owing to the formation of a small shallow subsidiary depression over the South-East of England during the previous evening, steady rain set in in London, and at several of the surrounding stations. In the course of Monday evening a sharp thunderstorm with heavy rain occurred at Cambridge and in the North of London; but the Southern parts of the Metropolis escaped with vivid lightning only.

Temperature has been about equal to its normal value in the North and East of the United Kingdom, but below elsewhere, especially in the South-West of England.

The highest maxima over England occurred on Friday (10th inst.) when 83° were registered at Hillington, and 81° at Loughborough and Cambridge; over Ireland and Scotland the highest readings have mostly failed to reach 70°.

The barometer was highest (30.24 inches) on Wednesday (8th inst.); lowest (30.00 inches) on Saturday (11th inst.); range 0.24 inches.

Temperature was highest (83°) on Friday and Saturday (10th and 11th inst.); lowest (46°) on Thursday (9th inst.); range 34°.

Rain fell on Sunday (12th inst.) and Monday (13th inst.) to the amount of 0.46 inch.



THE LOAN COLLECTION of pictures by George Stubbs, A.R.A. (1724-1806), now exhibiting at Messrs. J. and W. Vokes' Galleries, 14 and 16, Great Portland Street, W., will close on July 31st.

THE INTERNAL HEAT OF THE EARTH is being investigated by the German Government. A shaft sunk at Schladebach has penetrated about 4,566 feet underground, believed to be the greatest depth yet reached by boring. At this point the earth's temperature is 120 deg. Fahrenheit.

THE THEATRICAL SEASON IN PARIS has been unusually bad of late. During the year ended in June last the total receipts of the Paris theatres fell nearly 85,000/- below those of the preceding twelve months, and the two Operas, and such leading houses as the *Français*, suffered as much as the smaller theatres.

SOME AMERICAN CATFISH have been brought to England, with the view of acclimatising the species in British waters. The fish were none the worse for their voyage, and are now placed temporarily in the Aquarium at the Inventories. They are much liked in the United States as economical food, and have very few small bones.

A NEW COMET has been discovered. It was first noticed by an American observer at Nashville, Tennessee, U.S., on the 7th inst., and was seen at both the Strassburg and Greenwich Observatories on Saturday night. The comet has no tail, and is only of the eleventh magnitude, so that it cannot be found without very powerful telescopes.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA are now freed for good from the many tiresome restrictions and disfigurements which formerly annoyed visitors on the American side. The American Government having finally acquired all the land bordering the Falls, the ground was formally opened on Wednesday as the "Niagara International Park," free to the public for ever.

TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN LONDON AND IMPORTANT PROVINCIAL CENTRES has been proved quite feasible by some valuable experiments made last week at the Post Office. Communication was tested between Uxbridge, fifteen miles west of London, and Liverpool—200 miles apart, and the longest distance yet tried in England—and the conversations were distinctly audible. Experts now consider that communication could be carried on over twice the distance.

THE TOWER OF LONDON will soon be opened free to visitors four days weekly instead of two as hitherto. Previously, however, some important alterations are to be made, and strict precautions taken, such as securing the regalia in an extra case of thick glass, placing the rifles in the armoury under glass, and fitting the electric light in many parts of the building. Further, extra police and warders will be kept on guard, and visitors must pass along a regular route, and not wander about freely. The Tower will always close at dusk.

A SWARM OF BEES IN REGENT STREET is an unexpected sight. On Saturday, however, an assistant of one of the Oxford Street shops was suddenly surrounded by a cloud of bees when walking along, and was literally covered by the insects from head to waist. He had sufficient presence of mind not to disturb the swarm, and after walking quietly up and down in the hopes that they would fly away, he managed with a little help to take off his coat and hat. The bees immediately took to flight, and the man happily escaped with only a few stings.

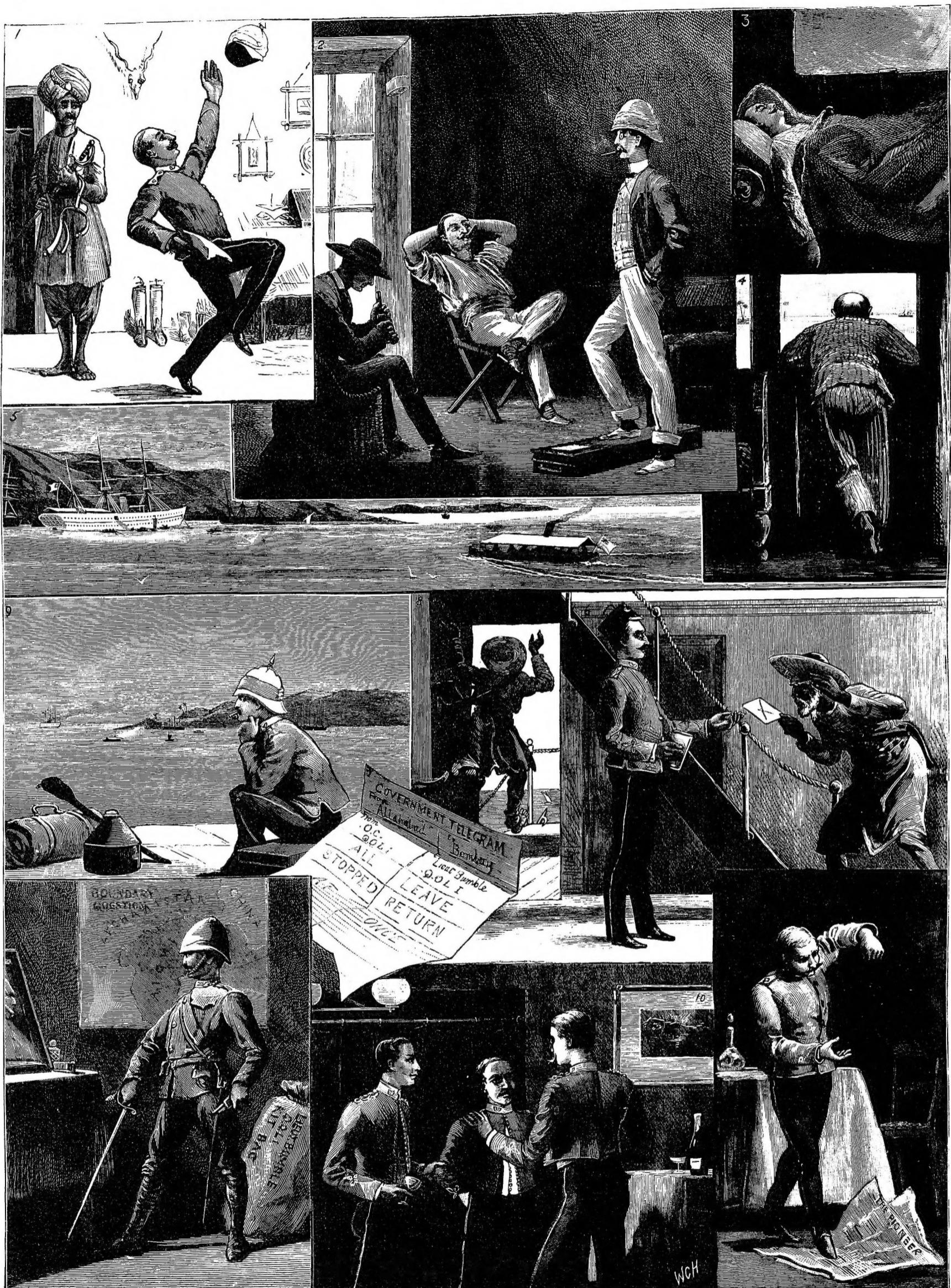
THE FIRST FATAL ACCIDENT THIS SEASON ON THE MONT BLANC RANGE has befallen an unfortunate Lyons priest and two experienced Chamounix guides. The party attempted to scale one of the most dangerous "cols" in the chain separating the Glacier d'Argentière from the Mer de Glace—the Four des Courtes, a formidable ice slope subject to constant avalanches, and which had never yet been ascended. Starting in bad weather, the mountaineers evidently either missed their way in a fog, or were overtaken by an avalanche, for their bodies have been found shattered to pieces among the glaciers below.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will hold a meeting in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, on Wednesday, the 22nd July, at 3 P.M., under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. Mr. H. M. Stanley will deliver an address, and the present state of the slave trade in Africa will be considered. This meeting is in continuation of a series of conferences held at the house of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and is for the object of bringing before the public the question of opening up the Nile to legitimate commerce, after the manner so successfully carried out on the Congo. General Gordon's scheme for approaching the Bahr Gazelle and the Upper Nile, by way of the Congo route, will be discussed.

THE SPLENDID PICTURE COLLECTIONS OF AMSTERDAM are now gathered under one roof in the new National Museum of Fine Arts. This building has been in progress for nine years, and was opened with much ceremony by the Home Minister on Monday, when the Burgomaster of Amsterdam formally handed over to the nation Rembrandt's famous "Night Watch," hitherto the property of the city. Art-amateurs, who remember the old inconvenient Rijks Museum in the Trippenhuis, will thoroughly appreciate the change, particularly as the National Museum contains in addition the pictures from the Van der Hoop Museum and the Hotel de Ville, and important collections from Haarlem and the Hague. A School of Drawing and Industrial Arts is also to be formed in the Museum.

LONDON MORTALITY increased again last week, when the deaths numbered 1,412 against 1,366 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 46, although 114 below the average, while the death-rate further increased to 18 per 1,000. There were 11 deaths from small-pox (a fall of 15), 73 from measles (a decline of 7), 110 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 59), 51 from whooping-cough (a fall of 8), 15 from diphtheria (a decrease of 3), 12 from scarlet fever (an increase of 3), 10 from enteric fever (a rise of 1), 1 from an ill-defined form of fever (a decline of 1), 3 from cholera (an increase of 2), and not one from typhus. There were 2,420 births registered—a decline of 59, and 194 below the average. The mean temperature was 65 deg. and 2.8 deg. above the average, while there were 60.5 hours of bright sunshine.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY now includes a gift from the Emperor of Austria, an interesting picture of "The House of Commons in 1793," by an Austrian painter, Karl Anton Hickel. Apart from its national interest, the picture itself has a curious history. Soon after it was painted, the artist, refusing to sell his work for a considerable price, took it to Hamburg. Hickel's heirs sold the picture to the Emperor Francis, and it was exhibited in the Vienna Belvedere Palace till about twenty years ago, when it was stowed away in a store room. Some years since the authorities of the National Portrait Gallery became aware of the picture's existence, and lately Mr. E. Stanhope, one of the Trustees, when searching for portraits of Pitt, hunted up the missing work after much trouble and research. The Austrian Emperor then presented the picture to the English nation. It is a large work representing Pitt speaking, and contains ninety-six life-size portraits.



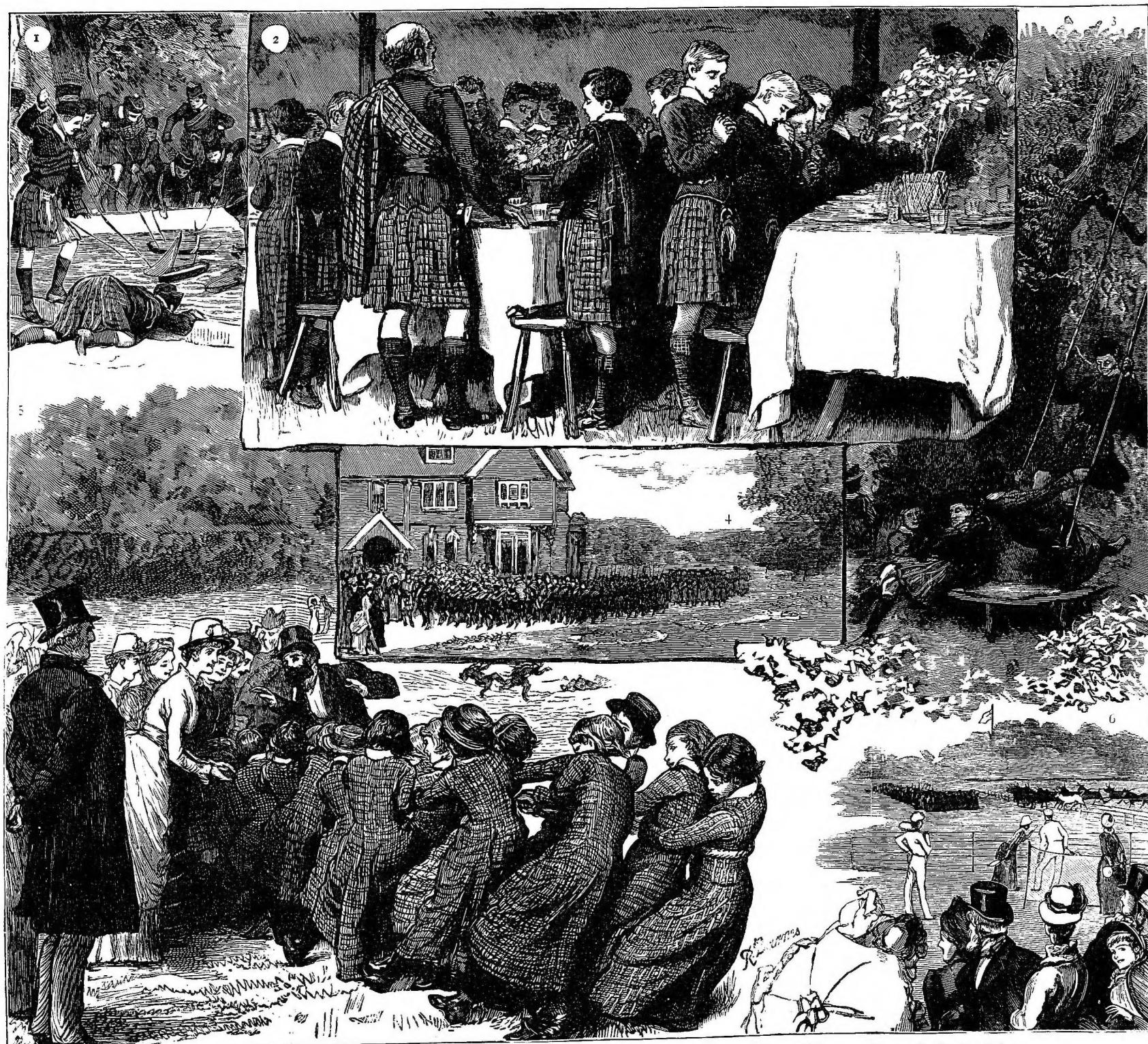
1. Hurrah! His Leave to England is Granted.—2. Having sold all He possesses, He sits down for a final Chat with his Brother Officers.—3. He slumbers peacefully during the long Night Journey by Rail.—4. And early in the Morning awakens to gaze with Rapture at the Open Sea.—5. A few Hours later He is dashing off to the "Trooper."—6. After seeing His Luggage bestowed in the Hold, He receives a Telegram.—7. Its Contents: "All Leave stopped; Return at Once."—8. The Telegraph Messenger's Precipitate Flight.—9. Hustled instanter off the Ship, He finds Himself ashore with just His Cabin Baggage; all the Rest is in the "Trooper's" Hold.—10. His Brother Officers seem highly amused that a Fellow should be sent back with only about what He stands up in.—11. However, this matters but little, as the 70 lb. Service Kit is the Order of the Day, and a Soldier-like Kit too!—12. "PEACE! I've lost my Passage, I've lost my Leave, I've sold everything, I've Bought a Service Kit, I'm 50% out of Pocket, and, after all, it's Peace. Who will recoup me?" Echo answers, "Not the Government."



DR. WALSH
The New Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin

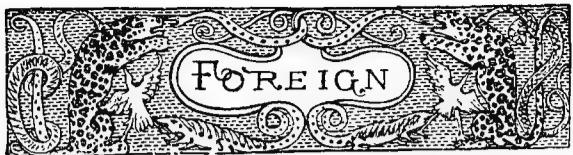


MR. JOHN SYER, WATER-COLOUR PAINTER
Died June, 1885



1. A Naval Engagement.—2. Singing Grace.—3. Swing in the Woods.—4. March Past.—5. Tug of War: Girls *versus* Boys.—6. Parting Salute.

FESTIVAL OF THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN ASYLUM AT REIGATE



THE AFGHAN QUESTION appears once again to have entered a very critical phase. Not only is it asserted that the negotiations between England and Russia are proving most unsatisfactory, owing to the increased Russian claims respecting the Zulfiqar Pass, but the Russians are said to have supported their demands by advancing on the disputed spot. When maintaining their predecessors' pledges that Penj-deh should be occupied by the Russians and Zulfiqar by the Ameer, the British Government have found that Russia claims so much of the country round Zulfiqar as to practically command the Pass. Thus no understanding can at present be reached, and the news from Afghanistan itself is decidedly threatening. While the Russians have steadily increased their force on the frontier, the Afghans are very excited, and are bringing up fresh troops. Moreover, the British Boundary Commission have suddenly removed their summer quarters towards Herat, two officers being asked by the Heratites to aid them in defensive preparations. It is significant also that General Komaroff complains of the Afghans again advancing their outposts, and asks his Government for instructions. He has been ordered carefully to avoid collision, and to remain strictly on the defensive; but past experience has shown to what a "strictly defensive attitude" may lead. Lately plentiful Russian reinforcements have been sent up towards Sarakhs to secure the passes, coolly crossing Persian territory, much to the general irritation, while a ship-canal is now contemplated from the Caspian to Michael's Bay, the starting-point of the Trans-Caspian Railway, in order to convey troops quicker from Europe. The Russians confidently predict that all the tribes north of the Hindu Khush will soon rise and join them against Afghanistan, but they have decidedly cooled Khivan and Bokharian sympathies by asserting that the Czar will shortly be crowned Emperor of Central Asia with the crown of Tamerlane. As the Khan of Bokhara at present owns this treasure, both he and the Khan of Khiva fear that such a step would mean the annexation of their dominions. The idea of the Czar assuming this title was mooted some years ago, when the Queen was declared Empress of India. On her side of the frontier INDIA is highly indignant at the brutal treatment of Consul Finn's clerk, lately captured by the Russians when searching for a lost mule near Askabad. The unlucky clerk was strapped to a horse, was flogged to extract information respecting British secret agents on the frontier, and threatened with execution if he continued obstinate, though finally he was released and sent to Meshed. The fortifications of Herat are fast being completed, and it has been decided to extend the Quettah Railway to the Khojak Pass, within eighty miles of Candahar. Owing, however, to cholera being in the neighbourhood, the labourers on the railway desert, and refuse to work. Another Indian frontier trouble, the rising in Bhootan, causes some anxiety. The territory is ruled by a temporal and a spiritual head, and the former refused to give a share of the Government subsidy to another important chief, who accordingly raised his followers, and is fighting the Deb Rajah, or temporal ruler, with considerable success. Among other items, earthquakes still occur in Cashmere, and have now been felt at Calcutta, while the Behar landholders have held an important meeting to protest against the Bengal Tenancy Bill.

The financial situation in EGYPT is so serious that the Government will be positively bankrupt by September 1st unless fresh funds are forthcoming. Much relief, however, is felt at the prospect that the new Egyptian loan of nine millions will be issued shortly, without waiting for all the Powers definitively to ratify the Financial Convention. The Egyptian Government also hope much from Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's Mission, the English Envoy being expected, however, to confer with the Sultan before coming to Cairo. Meanwhile, the general depression in Cairo has been enlivened by a report of the Mahdi's death, hitherto quite unconfirmed. The loss of the False Prophet would be the downfall of the Soudan rebellion, according to the late Governor of Berber, Hussein Pasha Khalifa, who, on being captured by the Mahdi, seized the excuse of bringing a message to the Government to escape to Cairo. He states that Khartoum must in the end have fallen by famine, though the English troops might have saved the town by coming a few days earlier, and that the Mahdi was much vexed at Gordon's death. Though the natives dread attacking the English after the recent struggles and dislike the Mahdi they are entirely subject to his influence. Since the English troops left, the Soudan is in a state of anarchy, for Osman Digma taxes every traveller and camel, and bandits infest the roads. It is now proposed that the Dongola refugees should be settled on waste lands, and occupied in canal works. Fresh confirmation has been received of Olivier Pain's death, which still occupies furious Anglophobes in FRANCE, so that one Anarchist journal opens a subscription towards a reward for Lord Wolseley's head. The latest accusation against England is a letter from the Baron de Billing in M. Rochefort's *Intransigeant*, declaring that the Mahdi offered the British Government to convey Gordon safely into English hands for a ransom of 50,000/, and that Lord Granville would not spend the money.

FRANCE herself continues perplexed by many anxieties. True, no fresh bad news has come from Annam, where General de Courcy is strongly reinforced, and has seized the principal offenders in the late outbreak, besides plentiful treasure, but the Government can no longer fully publish his despatches, and it is feared that the necessary punishment of the Annamites will lead to further complications. The Annamite army is to be disbanded, and the King supplied with Ministers of strong French sympathies, so that the young ruler will be a mere puppet in French hands. But the cost of these foreign enterprises has been severely condemned in the Chamber, especially under the present aspect of French finance, when the Budget shows a deficit of 26,000,000/. For six years past the expenditure has regularly exceeded the revenue, the deficit being hidden as far as possible by extraordinary budgets. These two points—finance and colonial policy, cannot fail to affect the coming elections which will probably bring about a remarkable change in the strength of parties. From present signs the Moderates will suffer most, to the advantage of Reactionaries and advanced Radicals. Most likely the elections will take place on September 27th, and as even the provincial voters are unusually interested in the state of affairs, a lively contest is anticipated.

PARIS kept high holiday for her national *réve* on Tuesday. Year by year the *réve* becomes more exclusively "popular." The upper classes go out of town to escape the rejoicings, and the decorations are mainly confined to the poorer quarters, but the people thoroughly enjoyed themselves, without any repetition of last year's disturbances. Though the monster review was omitted, there were various march-pasts, including the ever-popular schoolboy drill, an inauguration of the Voltaire statue, open-air concerts and balls, and excellent illuminations and fireworks, where the apotheosis of Victor Hugo was the chief attraction. The poet's funeral, by-the-bye, cost over 4,000/, above the amount voted, and Government has been asked to supply the deficiency. A less agreeable subject is the dread of cholera crossing the frontier from Spain. Various reports of cases are current, but so far they appear mere alarms, although

it would be no wonder if the disease broke out in the camp of the Pas des Lanciers, near Marseilles. There the troops, mostly returned from Tonkin, are in a most terrible state from disease and dirt, and typhus is rife.

Happily for SPAIN, the cholera epidemic seems to have taken a decided turn for the better. Though the infection still spreads, those districts so grievously affected show distinct improvement, and on Tuesday some 1,668 fresh cases and 673 deaths were reported throughout Spain. Altogether, since the epidemic began on May 20 up to July 7, 28,000 persons were attacked in the ten provinces affected, and 12,337 of these died. Unless, however, the different provincial authorities agree on more uniform sanitary measures, there is little chance of the disease disappearing just yet, for while in some districts refugees come and go freely, in others most absurd precautions prevail, and travelling is almost impossible. It is now being debated whether the epidemic is true cholera or a kind of marsh fever due to the bad state of the rivers in the Tagus valley. The late inundations in Murcia left the country in a most unhealthy condition, and few of the Spanish towns enjoy a pure water supply. Dr. Ferran and the Government are again quarrelling over the inoculation experiments, and the Doctor is specially writh at the accusations of self-interest made by the French scientists. Madrid seems fairly healthy, and the Court will shortly leave for the summer now that the Ministerial trouble is once more settled. Owing to the opposition to his sanitary policy, the Home Minister resigned, followed by the Minister of Marine, and Signor Villa-Verde now takes charge of the Interior Department.

In GERMANY, Emperor William has been quite restored to health and strength by his "cure" at Ems, and has gone to stay with the Grand Duchess of Baden at Mainau, on Lake Constance. Some slight excitement was caused at Ems as the Emperor was going to the theatre on Saturday, by a man flinging a flower-pot at the carriage, exclaiming, "Thus will the Empire break to pieces." The poor fellow, however, was merely insane. Although the Austrian Emperor proposed to visit Emperor William at Gastein to spare him fatigue, His Majesty still intends to go to Ischl, if possible, while probably Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky will also take the opportunity of meeting. The two Premiers' interview would it is hoped settle the Austro-German tariff dispute, now entering a more amicable phase, as the Austrians are inclined to favour a customs' union with their neighbour, levying common duty on all foreign imports. The Brunswick Succession still excites much public interest, and Prince Henry of Reuss is the latest first favourite for the Regency. According to a Hanoverian journal, the final decision against the Duke of Cumberland's claims was made inevitable by a letter from the Duke to Queen Victoria, declaring that he would never renounce his rights to the Hanoverian throne. The Queen had charged Lord Beaconsfield, when at the Berlin Congress of 1878, to negotiate towards a reconciliation, and on Prince Bismarck promising that Prussia would not oppose the Duke's accession if he formally renounced Hanover, Her Majesty wrote personally, urging the Duke to give the required guarantee. His reply lost him Brunswick. Germany is not quite comfortable in her African policy. The native kings and the sickly climate give much trouble in the Cameroons, while the Germans are decidedly out of favour at Zanzibar, where English influence predominates.

To revert to AUSTRIA, the Czar and Emperor Francis Joseph will probably meet during the autumn at some point in Galicia. This province now suffers grievously from inundations caused by the late storms. The crops are ruined, and many villages washed away. The Viennese are already tired of their Sunday Rest Law, for as they can get no authentic news till the Monday afternoon papers appear, business men are seriously inconvenienced, especially in Bourse operations.

The coming trial of Riel arouses the greatest interest throughout CANADA. Now that the rebellion is completely crushed, many Canadians support the half-breeds' cause, pointing out that the rebels long petitioned vainly for redress, and were thus forced to arms. This argument of justification will accordingly be utilised for Riel's defence. It is generally believed that the Government will be unwilling to execute Riel, and will conveniently shut their eyes to his escape into the United States. Meanwhile Canada is not ungrateful for the settlers' help against the rebels. Each man who took up arms receives a grant of land.

The influence of the North-West rising, however, is still felt across the border in the UNITED STATES. The Indians in the various States have lately been restless, and murderously inclined; while now the important Cheyenne Indians are highly dissatisfied, and have so alarmed settlers in Southern Kansas and Texas that many have fled their homes. Troops have been sent to the disturbed districts under General Sheridan; while General Miles, who is well versed in Indian diplomacy, will parley with the turbulent chiefs. Happily, the Indians are already quieting down.

AMONGST MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the Chinese authorities in Eastern TURKESTAN will not allow Mr. Dalgleish, the English traveller, to proceed further. As he would not leave Yarkand they turned him out by the local police.—The new commercial tariff between ENGLAND and TURKEY has been signed, and is fairly favourable to British interests.—Civil war disturbs most of the States in SOUTH AMERICA. Fighting has re-commenced in Peru, a revolution has broken out in Venezuela, where a large share of the population favours the rising, while in Colombia the rebels have been completely routed.—Nor is MEXICO much better than her neighbours. The whole city is in agitation, the troops clamour for their arrears of pay, and strong disaffection exists against President Diaz.



ALL arrangements for the Princess Beatrice's wedding next Thursday are now completed, and the Queen and Princess arrived at Osborne from Windsor on Saturday to superintend the final preparations. The marriage festivities will be of a much more private and family character than at previous Royal Weddings. No State carriages will be used, and the Princess's own nieces will act as bridesmaids—the three young Princesses of Wales, three Princesses of Edinburgh, two Princesses of Hesse, and two daughters of Prince and Princess Christian, while Prince Henry's best man is to be his elder brother, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. The whole of the Royal Family, except the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, will assemble at Osborne for the wedding early next week, the Grand Duke of Hesse and the bridegroom elect being expected on Monday. Thus Osborne House will be crowded, so that some of the guests must be housed in the various Cottages on the estate, while others will stay with the Prince of Wales on board the Osborne. Whippingham Church is being altered for the ceremony, which will be performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Windsor, and Canon Prothero, and those guests who cannot find room in the building will be seated along a covered way from the gate to the church door. The Queen will occupy the usual seat within the chancel on the right of the altar.

The wedding breakfast will take place in a huge marquee in the Osborne grounds, and a band of the Marine Light Infantry will play a Wedding March when the bridal party arrives, and when the cake is cut.

Meanwhile, Princess Beatrice has received various deputations bringing addresses and wedding presents. The most important gifts have been a diamond and sapphire locket from the Eton masters, and a diamond and pearl bracelet from the Eton boys, another diamond bracelet from the residents round Windsor, a silver toilet service from the Windsor ladies, and an album of water-colour drawings from the Art master of the Albert Institute classes. Since arriving in the Isle of Wight the Queen and Princess attended Divine Service in Osborne House on Sunday, and next day were visited by the young Princesses of Edinburgh, who are staying at Osborne Cottage. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their children, came on Tuesday, while on Wednesday Her Majesty inspected the Cavalry Corps, who landed specially at Cowes from the transport *Australis*, and were reviewed by the Queen in full campaigning costume.—The Queen remains at Osborne until August 23, when Her Majesty goes to Balmoral for the autumn, probably accompanied by the Princess Beatrice and her husband.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been in the North this week. Before leaving town they on Saturday entertained the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at lunch, and went to the French Plays, while on Sunday the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service with their daughters. On Monday the Prince went to the meeting of the Royal Commission for Housing the Working Classes, and held a Levée on behalf of the Queen, where most of the new Peers, Members of the Government, and gentlemen holding fresh appointments through the change of Cabinet were presented. Afterwards the Prince and Princess and their daughters went to Swanley, Kent, for the Prince to open the Kettlewell Convalescent Home for the patients of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; while in the evening the Prince and Princess and Princess Louise were present at the Duchess of Westminster's ball. The Prince and Princess left town on Tuesday to stay with Lord Ripon at Studley Royal, near Ripon, where they were most heartily greeted. On Wednesday they went to Leeds to open the New Yorkshire College, receiving various addresses of welcome, and lunching with the Lord Mayor, while the whole town was gaily decorated, and kept holiday in their honour. Next day the Prince visited Preston, and after inspecting the Agricultural Show, returned home with Lord Lathom to Ormskirk Park. He was again expected at the Show yesterday (Friday), when he would lay the corner stone of the Albert Edward Dock before leaving for town.

The Duke of Edinburgh has completed his "cure" at Kissingen, and returned to England on Thursday, accompanied by the Duchess, who has been staying with the Grand Ducal Family of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at Ludwigslust, near Schwerin.—Princess Louise went to the Duchess of Westminster's ball on Monday.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children have been staying at Buckingham Palace.—Prince and Princess Christian distributed the prizes at the meeting of the Prince Consort's Windsor Association in the Home Park on Tuesday.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany will shortly go to Zermatt with their family.



HANDEL COMMEMORATION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—For the first time, it is believed, since 1834 a Handel Festival Commemoration was on Tuesday evening held in Westminster Abbey. Few men now living can recollect the 1834 festival, which, on a question between amateur and professional members of the chorus, resulted in the firm establishment of the then struggling Sacred Harmonic Society. None can, of course, call to mind the first Handel Festival, held in Westminster Abbey in 1784, the then supposed centenary of the composer's birth. Yet it seemed essentially in accordance with the fitness of things that the Handel bi-centenary should not be allowed to pass without some sort of celebration in this ancient edifice, which contains the bones of the great composer, and likewise boasts a famous monument by Roubiliac, which records erroneous dates of both his birth and death. The duty was fittingly though tardily undertaken by the Royal Society of Musicians, of which Handel was one of the original founders, and the funds of which have so largely benefited by the annual performances of Handel's music. In order to maintain the sacred character of the Abbey building, the proceedings commenced with the opening of the Evening Service (Tallis's responses of course being used), and closed with the "Old Hundredth," sung by the vast congregation. These were, strange to relate, the most satisfactory parts of the Commemoration Service. A feeble performance of the Dettingen *Tu Deum* has rarely been heard. To enter into details would be waste of space. Nobody who was present at the Abbey, and had a proper pride in the celebrity of our national church choirs, could fail to express a feeling of regret at the slovenly manner in which was performed that popular chorus, "To Thee, Cherubim," in which (when a less faulty rendering is vouchsafed) the reiterated phrase, "Continually, continually do cry," mingles so dramatically with the "Sanctus" of the heavenly host. The famous five-part fugue, "And we worship Thy name," was hardly recognisable. Madame Albani gave her devotional rendering of "Angels, ever bright and fair," during which many of the congregation stared, or tried to stare, at her through opera-glasses. "Zadok the Priest" went fairly well; and Dr. Bridge gave an excellent performance of the organ concerto in D minor, No. 4 of Arnold's second set, which the Westminster Abbey organist proposes next week to repeat at the Chester Festival. If any similar concert, or whatever it may be called, be projected in the future, the Abbey authorities would do well to take the seating arrangements in their own hands. The system of entrusting this important duty to a few well-meaning gentlemen amateurs resulted on Tuesday in dire confusion.

THE OPERA.—Madame Patti on Tuesday night played for the first time on any stage the titular character in *Carmen*. It would clearly be unfair that those who had to be present at the Westminster Abbey Festival, and therefore could at best witness only a portion of the performance at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, should venture an opinion upon a creation which has cost Madame Patti more than three years of patient study. That the great *prima donna* sang the music with fluency and dressed the part sumptuously may be taken for granted. But another occasion must be taken for discussing how far Bizet's music suits Mdme. Patti's voice, and in what manner her impersonation differs from that of her predecessors, among the greatest of whom must be reckoned Mésdames Minnie Hauck, Trebelli, Marie Roze, and Pauline Lucca. *Carmen* attracted an enormous audience at the enhanced price of seats usual on such occasions.—On Saturday Madame Patti sang in *Linda di Chamouni*. The state of the house showed that not even the great *prima donna* can attract an audience in so *rouvo* a mixture of melody and nonsense. Forty years ago the talents of Madame Persiani, Lablache, Tamburini, Mario, and Marietta Brambilla hardly sufficed to make this a favourite opera. To-day, with such a

cast as (Madame Patti excepted) it is accorded at COVENT GARDEN, *Linda* is likely to attain as little success as would a revival of *Adelia*, *Bolisario*, *Roberto Devereux*, or any other of Donizetti's forgotten works which delighted our fathers. Madame Patti is doubtless fully alive to this truth, and she treats *Linda* in a spirit of good humoured satire. No other explanation is, it is feared, possible of the fact that—after the scene in which one celebrated *prima donna* was wont to stick straws in her hair to prove her craziness to ocular demonstration, and after the lover has done her justice, the villain is confounded, and the parents are ecstatically grateful—Madame Patti addresses Bishop's "Home, Sweet Home," to the mountains of Chamouni.—On Thursday of this week Mdlle. Alma Fohström was announced to appear in *Rigoletto*. It will be recollected that we, in common with most of the musical critics, judged this lady as a *dubitative*, and in that spirit of merciful consideration which is—with greater kindness, perhaps, to the artist than to her audience—usually extended to operatic beginners. We learn, however, from a letter addressed to us by Mdlle. Fohström (in which she incidentally states that she never was a member of the Swedish Quartet), that she is a native of Finland, and has been five years on the operatic stage, "having appeared with the greatest success at the most celebrated theatres, not only of Europe, but of South America, in the principal cities of which Continents—such as in Berlin, Vienna, Milan, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, and many others—my name is placed among the first of the day."

CONCERTS, &c.—At the Inventions Exhibition the historic concerts are still in progress.—On Tuesday a select choir of forty voices under Mr. Rockstro sang a programme of sacred music by Italian and English composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.—On Wednesday, a choir specially selected from Amsterdam, under the direction of M. Daniel de Lange, gave the first of three concerts of ancient Netherlandish music of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The complete programmes will comprise a mass by Jan Pieters, Sweelinck, part and other songs by Schuyt, Obrecht, and Hollander, and works by even still better known masters, such as Josquin Desprez, and Orlando Lassus.—On Saturday, the Associated Tonic Solfa Choirs gave concerts at the Albert Palace. Concerts have also been given by Madame Hélène Crosmont, the Chevalier Bach, Herr Edersheim (settings of Byron's Hebrew Melodies), Signor Clemente, Signor Mario Costa, Signor Ducci, Madame Forester, Madame Parisotti, Signor Cesi, Herr Ehrenfechter, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—It is stated high legal opinion has been given that M. Gounod might technically be liable for contempt of court should he visit England to conduct the oratorio at the Birmingham Festival. The work will therefore probably be conducted by Herr Hans Richter.—The report from Vienna that the first act of Schubert's setting of Goethe's *Claudine von Villabella* had been discovered by Herr Max Friedländer, may be at once set down as a mare's nest. The work is in all the Schubert catalogues, and it is well known that it was written when Schubert was eighteen, and that, like the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution" and Schubert's own opera, *Der Teufels Lustschloss*, the last two acts were destroyed, because in 1848 a Vandal maid-servant found them convenient for lighting fires.—A report which has it seems been circulated, that Madame Patti has commuted for 16,000*l.* the alleged annuity of 1,400*l.* a year granted by her to her husband the Marquis de Caux, is contradicted upon Madame Patti's authority. The annuity itself is a pure fiction.

TWO CAMELS FROM THE SOUDAN

Look on this picture—and on that! In the one a gaunt, skeletonised pair of camels, mother and young, humpless, hairless, beggarly, and miserable. In the other, a woolly, fine-grown foal stands in a strong sturdy attitude of health by the side of its comfortable-looking, fat, full-humped companion—a high-bred, handsome pair of the swift riding "dromedaries" of Arabia. Could contrast be stronger? Yet the two pictures are portraits of the same couple. It is not easy to believe it—but such is the fact. No wonder then that Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, regards these animals as one of his chief triumphs, and takes pride in the beasts whose lives he has saved. He should label them "Called Back."

For called back from the very threshold of death they certainly were. The rise with which they were to be shot was already loaded, the site of their graves had been selected, all was prepared. The formal permission of the donor was all that was needed. Yet here are the camels still hearty and happy. The charge has been drawn from the rifle long ago. The grave-pits have been filled up these twelve months. It is not likely to be needed for some years to come, unless Mr. Bartlett overfeeds the mother much more, in which case she may suddenly pass away by spontaneous explosion. As it is, she is fat enough to make an Arab have a fit.

The story of these rescued brutes is an interesting one. The battle of El Teb had just been fought, and the remnants of Osman Digma's force, shattered by our troops in that memorable fight, had scattered over the hills and far away. In the bush and up and down the shingly slopes lay the dying and the dead, men and beasts in a common misery of pain, or sharing together the last long sleep of death. Among the wounded was a fine female camel; the blood was flowing from sabre-cut and spear-thrust. By her side, bewildered by the frantic scene it had just beheld, but unscathed by blade or bullet, stood her young one, a handsome little foal with well-bred turn of the head, and limbs that gave promise of future speed. An officer of the Grenadiers saw, pitied, and admired the picturesque and pathetic pair left masterless on that dreadful battle-field. So he had them taken care of, and eventually shipped them from Suakin for the Zoological Gardens. What a change for the poor captives from the sandy wastes of the Soudan to Regent's Park! Yet we must not measure the happiness of animals by our own standards. Perhaps—who knows?—the mother-camel had learned to love her Arab master, and the little hut of matting and boughs in some ravine of the hills where the wells lay; where the brown children petted the beast, and her owner held her in affection and pride. Hard-worked at times, no doubt, but there were long sweet intervals of idle lounging among the "camel-thorn" bushes. Hot too and choking with dust the desert was, when the Harmattan breathed fierce upon the land, or the Khamsin swept like a furnace-blast across the sandy wastes. But this was not always so, and even as to the heat, it was the natural temperature of the camel's native country. On the other hand, however, there is nothing that makes these, or any other domesticated beasts, so happy as freedom from toil, abundance of good food, and shelter from inclement skies. Such comforts the captives of El Teb enjoy in fullest measure, and the result, to those who know camel-character, has been amazing, for they have grown sweet-tempered, docile, and quiet. They seem to have forgotten even how to grumble and groan and roar when asked to do anything. In their Arabian and Oriental lives camels, it is notorious, protest at anything and everything. If you even walk up and look at one it commences objecting, and if you put a twig, a handkerchief, a handful of sand on its back, it groans and grumbles as if its life were being crushed out of it by a cruel over-load. It is not so in the Zoo. The camels there have become civilised and sensible by good food and an easy life.

But before the animals of which I am specially speaking arrived at this Elysium, they had a hard ordeal to pass through. Somehow or another they were not properly attended to. The wounds did not

heal. Sickness supervened, and horrible diseases, itch, and mange, and shocking abscesses. Week by week they became worse, mere skeletons to look at, the poor mother a very Lazarus of sores. She lost her hump entirely. This curious feature, by the way, is a provision of nature for supporting life, for the camel when starving consumes, absorbs its own hump, just as bears when hibernating live upon their own fat, and come out of their caves in the Spring weak and thin. The state of health of "the ship of the desert" can be always told from the condition of the queer protuberance. If it is slabby and pendulous, the beast is unwell, and in proportion as it dwindles and shrivels the increase of the sickness from which it is suffering can be gauged. The Arabs, therefore, are specially careful to see that their dromedaries' humps are firm and full in flesh. But our heroine, when she reached Portsmouth, had none at all. It was all absorbed. Her skin had literally fallen in, and was sticking to the skeleton. It still does so, though the photograph does not show it. For if you will go to the Zoo and look at her you will be puzzled at noticing that though she is so outrageously, absurdly fat, all her ribs seem to be standing out. You can lay an umbrella in between any two of them? Not a bit of it. These are ribs of fat which the mother has put on! The real bone ribs are down in the hollows between, for the skin still persists in adhering to them, and so the fat which ought to be in a layer between the ribs and the hide bulges up in rolls. It is, perhaps, as well it should be so. For it reminds the camel "waxing fat" of what she once was, serves as a memento of humbler times, and, it may be, keeps her from becoming too proud.

However, arrived at Portsmouth, Mr. Bartlett's deputy met the interesting travellers. He had been instructed to march them up by road, during the nights, to London. But, alas! there was no marching in them. They could not even stand. And there they were, slung up round the stomach, with heads hanging down as low as their feet, faint to death, dying, all but dead. None the less they were hoisted into a van, and the train brought them to London, and a van landed them, moribund bags of bones, at the Zoo. Mr. Bartlett looked at them. They seemed hopeless cases. He had rescued many a sick thing—chimpanzee and serpent, lion and hippopotamus—from imminent death. But these seemed beyond him. So he had them taken away to a distance, lest their noisome ailments should infect the other inmates of the Gardens, and after slinging them up again, with their feet just touching the ground, had them washed with strong disinfectants, made comfortable with heaps of light good food and water under their noses—and telegraphed to the donor for permission to shoot them both "as an act of mercy." As chance had it, Sir John St. Aubyn was away. No answer came for ten days. And meanwhile Mr. Bartlett, determined to be merciful to the last, relieved the poor things' sufferings by lancing their abscesses, dressing their wounds carefully, and doctoring their skins. The result was wonderful, magical. The animals began to lift their heads, their eyes opened wider, they nibbled at the food more readily. Then came the answer, "By all means put the camels out of their misery." But Mr. Bartlett was now of another mind. "I'll be shot myself," he said, "if I shoot them now."

So he did not, and the consequence is—well, look at the picture.

PHIL ROBINSON



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT achieved at the GAIETY Theatre, on Saturday night, one of the most notable of her many histrioic triumphs. Throughout a sultry July evening, in a play the representation of which, beginning at eight o'clock in the evening, lasted until a few minutes into the following Sunday morning, she riveted the attention of an audience which filled every available seat and every nook and corner of the house, and which included the Prince and Princess of Wales and a large proportion of the most prominent literary, artistic, and social celebrities at present in town. That the interest in the performance as a whole remained undiminished towards the end cannot be affirmed, but this result was attributable rather to M. Sardou, whose new play of *Théodora*, presented for the first time in England on this occasion, while containing here and there some really powerful situations, yet is decidedly wanting on the whole in artistic coherence, and in that sense of a deepening and broadening effect towards the final catastrophe which it is the crowning triumph of the tragic writer to produce. The success achieved, in fact, is far more that of the actress than of the dramatist. Even as a picture of men and manners in the Byzantium of the sixth century ourera the play has little value, although of course it lends itself admirably in this respect to the arts of the costumier and the scene-painter, who have lavished their utmost skill upon the production.

The character of the Emperor Justinian is put in almost an entirely new light, and even the Empress herself, admirably as the character is drawn for stage purposes, would have some reason to complain of the treatment she receives at M. Sardou's hands. Caribert, the "Parisian," as he is expressly called, is obviously introduced as a traveller from Lutetia merely for the purpose of making him the recipient of confidences with regard to the Imperial pair, and to the state of society around them, which it is thought necessary to impart to the spectator. This personage is not the only one, moreover, whose aspect and whose ideas are more suggestive of the boulevard of the nineteenth century than of the Roman Empire of the decadence. The whole value of the piece, in fact, centres in the character of the Empress, *Théodora* being essentially what the actors call a one-part play, and when she is absent from the scene the action is followed only with the most languid curiosity. Readers of Gibbon's great work cannot fail to remember the vivid portraiture which he gives of that Empress who began life in the lowest haunts, and who, while remaining to the end of her career relentless in the pursuit of her ambitious designs, atoned to a certain extent for her early faults by her charitable deeds, and her fidelity to the learned ruler who divided with her vast authority. It is the character of this woman which Madame Sarah Bernhardt presents to the eye of the spectator of the present day, with such incomparable charm and power that the impersonation is likely to linger long in the memory of playgoers as one of the finest of her efforts. Her acting in the great scene in the fourth act, wherein she summons up resolution to stab with the only weapon at her command, a gold hair-pin, the conspirator who implores her to dispatch him in order that his captors may not torture him into revealing the names of his accomplices, and among them the secret lover whom M. Sardou has provided for the Empress, has rarely been equalled even by Madame Bernhardt for subtlety and power, and the effect upon the audience was electrical. After the excitement of this striking scene, the concluding portions of the play, including the incident of the arrest of the lover Andréas and of his death by the expedient of changing two phials, as also of the death of the Empress herself, who is strangled by the order of the Emperor, in defiance of historic accuracy, came as something in the nature of an anti-climax, although the exhibition of agony and remorse, and finally of serene despair, afforded by Madame Bernhardt in the latter scene was truthful and expressive in the extreme. Of the support accorded to the principal performer it is not possible

to speak with unqualified praise. M. Marais as Andréas gesticulates and declaims with more force than apparent sincerity, and M. Philippe Garnier, who represents the Roman Emperor, cultivates a certain restraint in his elocutionary style, which makes his voice at times all but inaudible. M. Volny is a respectable Marcellus, and shows composure and quiet dignity in the scene in which he is stabbed by the Empress. But unquestionably the best performance after that of Madame Bernhardt is that of the incidental character of the sorceress by Madame Marie Laurent, altogether a bold and striking piece of acting.

Parody of a good old-fashioned kind continues to find acceptance at Mr. Toole's little house. On Monday night, Mr. Burnand's travesty of *The O'Dora; or, a Wron' Accent*, came in the nick of time to make fun of M. Sardou's new work, just as it had been presented for the first time to an English audience. The skit is a bright and amusing one. Mr. Burnand contrives throughout to tread pretty closely upon M. Sardou's heels, notwithstanding that his version of the story takes very much less time in the telling, and he very ingeniously contrives to point out the weak points in the conduct of the piece. Mr. Toole as Andréas is made up to look as much like M. Marais as his form and features will allow, and thus disguised, while closely following at times the declamatory style and the emotional outbursts of his model, he also indulges in quaint and ludicrous antics. The effect is irresistibly ludicrous. Miss Marie Linden dances and sings with much grace and animation, and affords an amusing parody of Madame Bernhardt's tender, but somewhat trying, manifestations of affection towards her lover. Other characters are amusingly portrayed by Miss Emily Thorne and Mr. E. D. Ward, and at the conclusion of the little skit, which is written in bright punning verse, Mr. Burnand was called forward, and very cordially applauded in company with Mr. Toole.

An unauthorised version of the *Mikado*, by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert, has recently been played at the MUSEUM, Chicago. It is supposed that some kind of orchestration was constructed from the published pianoforte score. This score, however, happens to have been prepared by an American citizen, Mr. George Lowell Tracy, so that it is believed that Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who purposely engaged Mr. Tracy to arrange the music for the pianoforte, will have a ground of action for infringement of copyright.

In *Cousin Johnny*, by Messrs. J. F. Nisbet and C. M. Rae, produced at the STRAND Theatre on Saturday evening, Mr. J. S. Clarke has a thoroughly congenial part. He represents a vulgar young man whom circumstances conspire for a while to place in a false position by making it appear that he is heir to an aristocratic name and considerable wealth. Johnny, as he is called, soon tires of fine society, and hails with delight a *dénouement* which relegates him to his proper position in the world. Mr. Clarke's performance proved highly diverting, and he is efficiently supported by his son, Mr. Creston Clarke, Mr. F. Wyatt, Mr. H. R. Teesdale, Miss Marie Hudspeth, Miss Lucy Buckstone, and Miss Eleanor Burton.

Mr. Savile Clarke's farce, called the *Inventories*, at the same Theatre, is an unpretending little sketch, the scene of which is laid at the Inventions Exhibition. It dragged somewhat on the first night, owing as it would appear to insufficient rehearsal, but with a little revision it should prove an acceptable after-piece.

Miss Louisa Moore, whom many playgoers will remember as the original representative of the part of Blanche Hayes in *Ours* at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre, will shortly return to the stage.

A special morning performance will be given at the OLYMPIC Theatre on the 29th of this month for the production of a new play from the pen of Mr. Howell Poole under the title of *Through the Furnace*.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt will perform at the Benefit Matinée in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, which will be given by permission of Mr. Irving at the LYCEUM Theatre on the 21st. Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and other distinguished performers will also appear.

At the close of Mr. Toole's season next month, Mr. William Duck will undertake for a term the management of TOOLE'S Theatre, where he intends to produce the version of Herr von Moser's farcical comedy *Ultimo*, recently produced at an afternoon performance at the STRAND Theatre under the title of *On Change, or The Professor's Venture*.

Jack-in-the-Box is the title selected for Miss Fannie Leslie's new musical comedy drama, expressly written for her by Messrs. G. R. Sims and Clement Scott. Original music is by W. C. Levey. The piece will be produced by Mr. Isaac Cohen at the Brighton Theatre, August 24th.



A LARGE AND INFLUENTIAL MEETING was held at the Mansion House on Tuesday to promote contributions in London to the Wakefield Bishopric Fund, Lord Fitzwilliam presiding. The Bishop of Ripon appealed to the Churchmen of the metropolis to aid in raising the remaining 45,000*l.* required. Among the other speakers was the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, in supporting this particular scheme of Episcopal extension, said that the erection of the Bishopric of Truro by a division of the See of Exeter had produced in Cornwall a vast change for the better, which had been welcomed alike by Nonconformists and Churchmen.

MR. GLADSTONE'S PRESENTATION OF A BELL to St. Seercol's Church, in his favourite watering-place, Penmaenmawr, previously chronicled in this column, was made the occasion of special services in it on Sunday last.

A MURAL CROSS of white marble, surmounted by a wreath, has been placed in the chancel of Holy Trinity Parish Church, Windsor, as a memorial of the late Captain Burnaby.

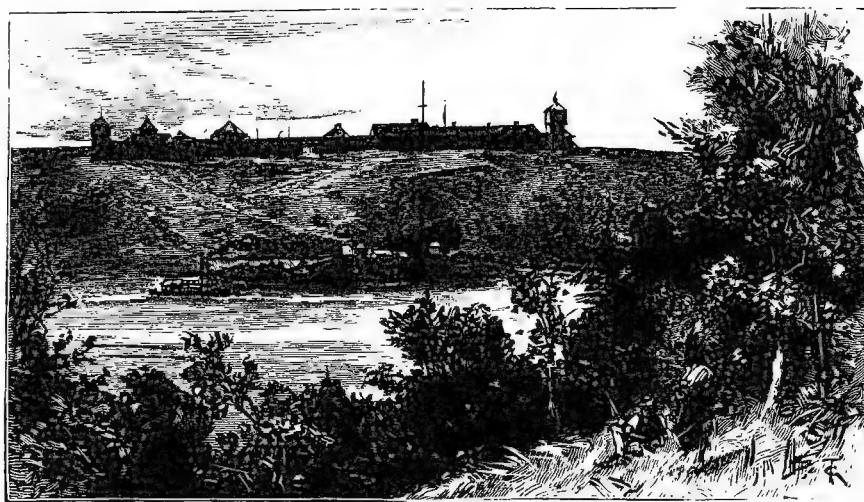
THE TWENTY YEARS' WORK done in Dr. Barnardo's Homes was described by their founder at a thanksgiving *réte* in Limehouse on Monday, presided over by the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., when a "farewell" was also taken of 123 boys who are leaving them for Canada.

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON Lord Thurlow addressed a large assemblage at the Alexandra Palace in favour of the Sunday opening of the National Museum and other collections. He spoke hopefully of the success in the next Parliament of his legislative efforts in that direction.

THE LONG-DISUSED BURIAL GROUND of St. John's, Clerkenwell, has been transformed from a receptacle of all the filth of the neighbourhood into a pleasant public garden and recreation ground by a successful subscription and the assistance of Lord Brabazon's most useful Association. The Marchioness of Hamilton unveiled a dedicatory tablet in it on Monday, when the Vicar gave an account of the efforts which had resulted in the welcome transformation.

THE ARMENIAN COMMUNITY AND COMMUNION, though they have, or had, we believe, a place of worship in Manchester, are without any in London, where they are 150 in number. It is in contemplation to open one at Kensington.

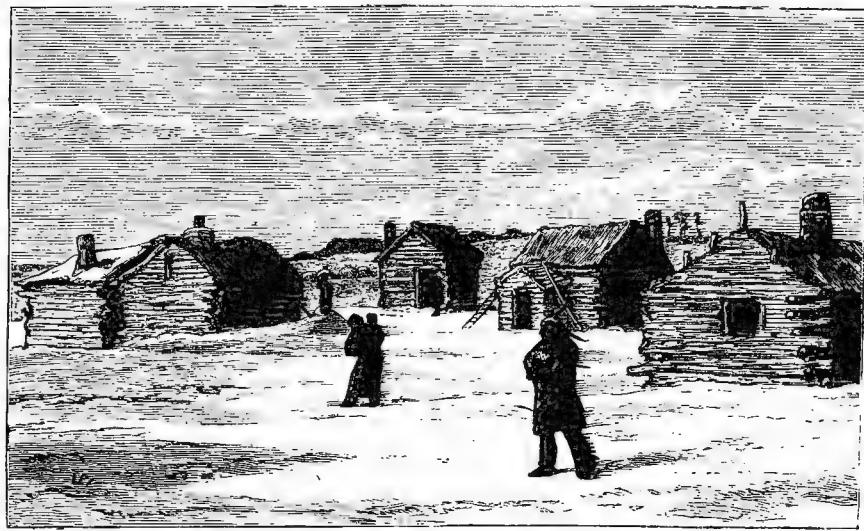
THE COLLECTIONS at twenty-three metropolitan synagogues for the Hospital Sunday Fund, amounting to 607*l.*, have been paid into it by Dr. Adler, the Chief Rabbi.



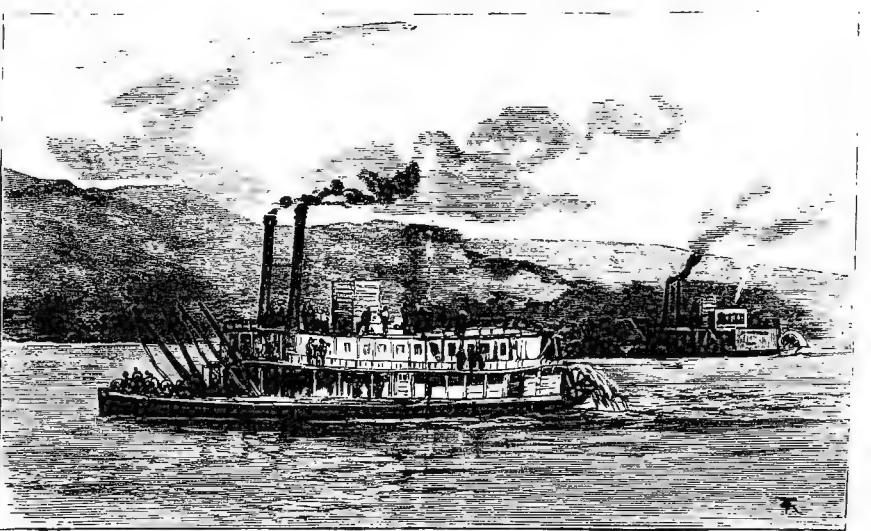
FORT EDMONTON, HUDSON BAY POST, NORTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER



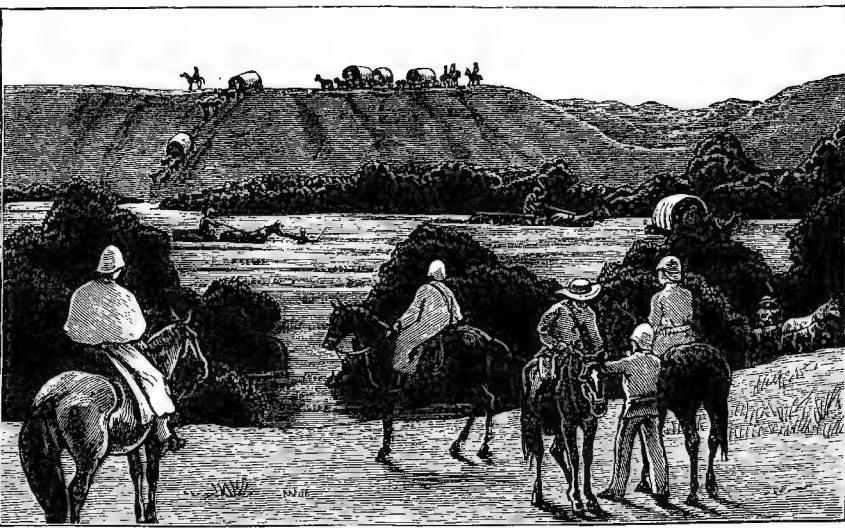
SEARCHING FOR ARMS AND STOLEN GOODS ON THE RED PHEASANT RESERVE AFTER THE SURRENDER OF POUNDMAKER



FIRST LOG AND MUD HOUSES BUILT BY THE STONY INDIANS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. PAYNE, WHOM THEY AFTERWARDS MURDERED



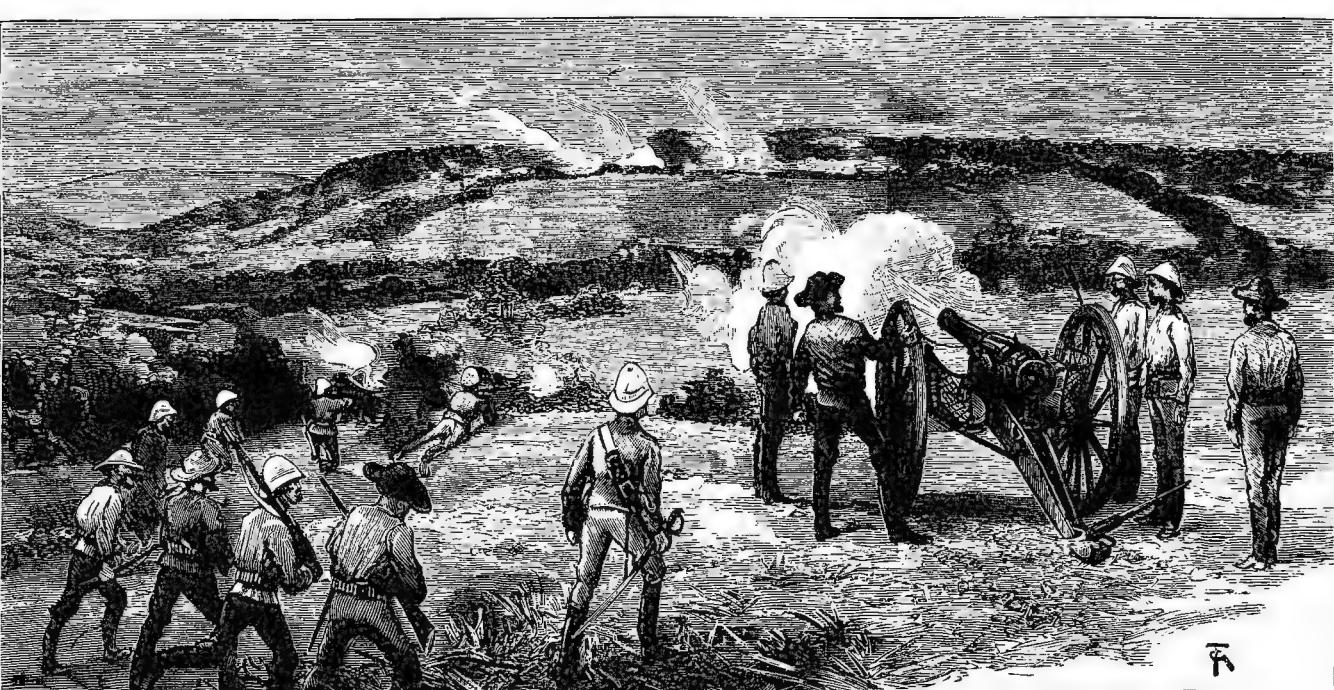
STERN-WHEEL STEAMERS "ALBERTA" AND "NORTH-WEST" CONVEYING TROOPS UP THE NORTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER TO FORT PITT



ON THE TRAIL AFTER BIG BEAR—TRANSPORT WAGONS IN A MUSKEG (MOSSY BOG)



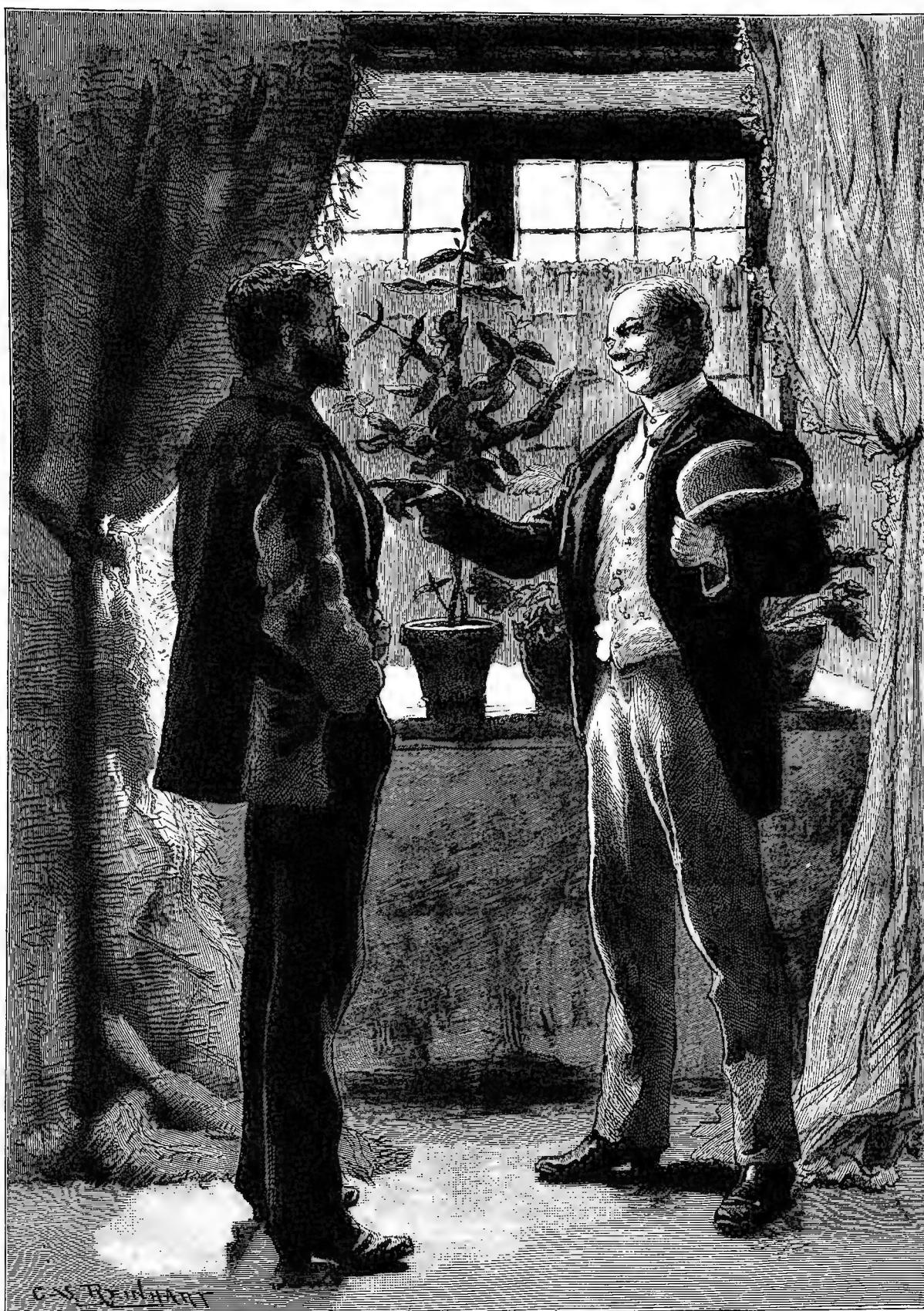
ESCAPE OF FARM-INSTRUCTOR APPLEGARTH AND HIS WIFE FROM THE STONY INDIANS



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN GENERAL STRANGE'S COLUMN AND BIG BEAR'S BAND AT LITTLE RED DEER RIVER, MAY 28



RIEL'S CAPTURER



DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART

"But"—he paused, and with an extended forefinger tapped his companion on the chest."

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a great crowd of people at the railway-station at Namur, and the Luxembourg train had no sooner steamed into the station than it was besieged by the mob, and all the carriages were taken by storm. One tourist, who had furnished himself with a first-class ticket, and had shouldered himself through the crowd to the buffet, was exceedingly wrath on his return to find that the carriage he had occupied was filled by third-class excursionists. He spoke French with a fluency, and an inaccuracy in combination with it, which fairly took off his mental feet the official to whom he appealed, and in the very passion and torrent of his oratory rippled audibly the accent of Dublin. To borrow a simile which was once applied to Mr. Disraeli, this gentleman talked like a horse racing. He talked all over, arms and hands and finger-tips, head, shoulders, and body. He talked with all his features and with all his muscles, and with all his might, and at last the official seized his meaning, and proceeded with inexorable politeness to turn out all the third-class passengers who had taken possession of the carriage. The triumphant tourist stood by, suddenly smiling and unruffled. He had a round smooth face, with a touch of apple colour on the cheeks, a nose inclining somewhat upward, and an expression of self-satisfaction so complete that it aroused the irony of one of the ejected.

"He is well-introduced to himself, that fellow," said he, but the

tourist did not hear, or did not care if he heard. He stood tranquilly by holding the handle of the door, until the carriage was cleared, and was just about to ascend when a slow quiet voice spoke behind him.

"Got that through, old man, eh?"

The tourist turned suddenly, and stretched out a hand towards the speaker.

"What? Maskelyne, me boy. Yew here? Deloyed to see ye, me boy. Deloyed. Where are ye going?"

"I am going to Janenne by rail," said the other, accepting the proffered hand with a hearty shake, once up and once down. "From there I go on to a little place called Houfey to see some old friends of mine."

"I'm going to Janenne meself," said the Irishman. "Can't we ride together?"

"I suppose we can," returned his friend. "Baggage is registered." He was just as calm as the Celt had a minute or two before been eager, and his voice was distinctly American, though less in accent than in tone. He was very precisely and neatly attired, his figure was tall and elegant—a trifle too tall for the width of his shoulders—his face was handsome but melancholy, and curiously pale.

The eyes were the best feature—black, soft, and lustrous, but they looked as if he had never smiled in his life. "I say, Fraser," he said, in his slow, mild voice, when they were both seated, "where did you pick up your French? I never heard anything like it."

"I've knocked about Par's a good deal," said Fraser. "Je porle Fronçais admiraablemong bien, though I say it meself. I speak Jorman with the seem facility, though it's probably me Scotch extraction that gives me that."

"Ah," said his companion, looking at him with an air of mournful admiration. "Fraser's a Scotch name, isn't it? And yet you're member for an Irish borough, and a Home Ruler into the bargain. I don't know a great deal about your European politics yet, and if they are like ours at home I can bear to go along without knowing any more. I thought, though, that you'd be about as likely to find a Scotchman among the Home Rulers as you would to find the Pope carrying around the plate at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle."

"Me greet-grandfather was Scotch," explained Mr. Fraser. "Tis an odd thing, now, that we should fall across each other in this manner, and both be going to the same place."

"Think so?" said Maskelyne. "I'll have a smoke and turn that over in my mind." He proffered his cigar-case to Fraser, who waved it away with a smiling majesty.

"I have no small vices," he said, with the air of a man who knows himself to be saying a good thing.

"No?" said Maskelyne, with extraordinary solidity of demeanour. "(Continued on page 79)



PUBLICITY HAS BEEN GIVEN to a correspondence in which Mr. Arthur Arnold broaches, and Mr. John Bright approves, a scheme for the reform of the so-called Land Laws, which includes the abolition of primogeniture and a restriction of the power to entail, with a provision for the sale of encumbered settled property. No reference is made in it to the extensive powers of sale conferred on life tenants by Lord Cairns's Settled Estates Act.

HOW LIBERALLY THE COURTS OF LAW are disposed to construe that Act has just been shown by the Vice-Chancellor's grant of an application made to him by the Marquis of Cholmondeley to sell Houghton Hall and his Houghton estate—so well known as the seat and property of Sir Robert Walpole—with the heirlooms, chiefly pictures, at the former. Among the objects to which the proceeds of the sale are to be applied are the enlargement and the sanitary improvement of Cholmondeley Castle in Cheshire. The trustees of the settlement objected to some of these as not included in the Settled Estates Act, and they raised the more important objection that, as the settlement gave them the power of sale, the application was an improper one, since the Act, they contended, was meant to supply any omission of that power, and not to override it when given. Vice-Chancellor Bacon overruled both objections, and said that the Act gave under all circumstances full power to the life-tenant to sell with the permission of the Court.

THE IRISH VICE-CHANCELLOR has granted an injunction to restrain the Corporation of Dublin from changing the name of Sackville Street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, into O'Connell Street, in conformity with their intention to eradicate traces of "Saxon" rule from the street nomenclature. With two or three exceptions all the owners and occupiers of houses in the street protested against the alteration as injurious to their interests, and under these circumstances the Vice-Chancellor considered that the Town Council had no legal power to make it.

A DECISION OF IMPORTANCE to life assurance companies was given on Tuesday by the House of Lords, sitting as Final Court of Appeal. Its effect is to render liable to income-tax that portion of the so-called profits of an insurance company which is returned in one form or other to the holders of what are called participating policies, who, in consideration of that return, pay higher premiums than the holders of non-participating policies. The case arose out of an appeal made by the London Assurance Corporation against an income tax assessment. The Queen's Bench Division decided in their favour, and the decision was confirmed by the Court of Appeal, but has been now reversed by a majority of the Law Lords, the judgment being delivered by Mr. Justice Blackburn, Lord Bramwell dissenting. The gist of Lord Bramwell's dissent is conveyed in the following sentence:—"The whole difficulty, the very existence of the question, has arisen from the inaccurate use of the expression, 'participation in profits,' instead of 'participation in the sum that would be profits, but for the right to participate.'"

A CLERK in the employment of the London and South Western Bank initiated in a customer's bank-book a sum of 30*l.* received, but no corresponding entry was made in the books of the Bank. The failure to enter was discovered when the clerk himself informed the manager that this customer had overrun his account. His explanation was that he must have handed the money to a fellow-clerk who after being twice short in his account had left the bank. He was nevertheless dismissed, and on bringing an action for wrongful dismissal, the Bank, he contended to frighten him, prosecuted him for embezzlement, and he was arrested. Meanwhile his quondam fellow-clerk confessed that it was he who had taken the money, and the Bank having thereupon abandoned the charge against him, he brought an action against it for malicious prosecution. A jury gave him 300*l.* damages, and against this the Bank appealed. The Court of Appeal has upheld the verdict of the jury.

ON THE PROSECUTION of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a potman at a public-house has been fined 20*l.* with 2*s.* costs, for having bitten off the tails of several puppies, in order, according to his own account, "to make them look fashionable." A veterinary surgeon who was examined on behalf of the prosecution said that to bite off a dog's tail was, in his opinion, an act of cruelty. It was more cruel to bite off a dog's tail than to cut it, because by biting the tail was lacerated, whereas when a knife was used a clean cut would be made.

HENRY ALT, a German journeyman-baker, aged thirty-one, was executed on Monday morning at Newgate for the murder, in a fit of jealousy, of Charles Howard, his successful rival for the hand of a widow. He told the Gaol Chaplain that he had no recollection of what happened on the night of the murder. On the way to the scaffold, while the rope was being placed round his neck, he said that it was all through a deceitful woman, and though he had evidence—The drawing of the bolt by the executioner, followed by instantaneous death, prevented the sentence from being finished.



THE TURF.—Too much racing, and meetings clashing with each other, to the detriment of sport at most, is again a subject of complaint this week. The Liverpool July seems on the decline, and afforded but little interest. On the first day, however, Isobar, one of the Ascot surprises, put in an appearance, and the style in which he won the St. George's Stakes for three-year-olds caused him to be made second favourite for the St. Leger at 8 to 1. The Cup on the Wednesday was but a shadow of its former self, and is evidently one of the once popular races, like the Chester Cup and others, doomed to comparative insignificance. Only five runners came to the post, and the race was won by the Duke of Westminster's Sandiway by a short head from the light-weighted General. The Great Yarmouth gathering, which for some years has been famous as a favourite tryst for owners who wish to hood-wink handicappers with a view to big races at the "back end" of the season, was fairly up to the average, but little of interest is to be noted except that Pink May, who has started almost innumerable times lately without winning, at last repaid the patience of persevering followers by scoring two races on the second day, good odds being obtainable on both occasions. The Winchester Meeting was decidedly flat; but Kempton Park, which does not commence till after we have gone to press, promises to produce the best sport of the week.—Looking back for a moment on the recent Newmarket July week, which witnessed enormous sales of thoroughbred stock, we must put on record the fact that the Blankney yearlings, all but two sired by Hermit, fetched unprecedented prices. The thirteen were all sold, and realised no less than 19,500 guineas, thus showing an average of 1,630 guineas. The

highest priced one was a daughter of Hermit and Adelaide, bought by Mr. R. Peck for 3,900 guineas. Mr. Chaplin, to whom Hermit has been a veritable gold mine, looked radiant as a friend of his observed that breeding thoroughbreds paid better than farming.

CRICKET.—If only for the enormous individual and collective scores made during the last few weeks, and especially during the last few days, the cricket season of '85 will be a memorable one. The West of Scotland Club playing Chichester Priory Park, at Chichester, early this week, made on the first day's play 331 runs for the loss of only one wicket, Mr. J. S. Carrick doing most of the work. On the second day the score was hit up to 745 with the loss of only four wickets, Mr. Carrick increasing his score to 419 (not out). Previously to this Mr. W. N. Roe, of Cambridge, had scored (not out) 415, and is now beaten by 4. The best individual score ever made in a first-class match was the 344 compiled by Mr. W. G. Grace for the M.C.C. against Kent. In the three first-class matches going on on Monday last—Nottingham v. Yorkshire, Middlesex v. Kent, and Sussex v. Surrey—no fewer than 1,191 were scored for the loss of only twenty-six wickets; and adding to these the West of Scotland business, 1,522 runs were made for twenty-seven wickets, giving an average of over 58 runs per wicket. "Centuries," as cricketers call scores of 100, have now become quite common, and this week, in addition to Mr. Carrick, Messrs. G. B. Studd, Newman, Thompson, W. W. Read, Roller, Grimshaw, and Lee have been "centurions."—In North v. South, at Manchester, for the benefit of Watson, the latter only just escaped an overwhelming defeat, as with only one wicket to fall they were no fewer than 259 runs in arrear when the game was drawn.—In Inter-County war: Surrey, with a score of 501, has defeated Sussex in one innings with 124 runs to spare; and Middlesex has done the same by Kent by ten wickets.—It may be fairly said that no greater success ever attended an Eton and Harrow match, either from a social or cricketting point of view, than that which at the close of last week marked the annual encounter between the juvenile Light and Dark Blues. The weather at Lord's was all that could be desired, and the fashionable attendance even in excess of previous years. The 265 first compiled by Eton looked formidable, but it was responded to by Harrow with 324, Crawley making exactly 100 and Watson 135. The second essay of Eton produced only 157, and the victory of Harrow seemed an easy matter. But it was not so, as seven wickets fell before the required number to win was obtained within two minutes of the stumps being drawn on Saturday evening. The result caused a demonstration such as has seldom been seen at Lord's. The time has surely now come when this should be a three days' match, or more hours devoted to it on the two days.

CYCLING.—The National Cycling Union brought off their Tricycling Championship Meeting on Saturday last, on the Sydenham track. For the One Mile Farnival of the Beretta C.C. and Letchford of the Finchley T.C. ran a dead heat in 2 mins. 59 1/5 sec., the third man, Lee of the Kildare T.C., being only 2 1/5 sec. behind them. In the final Farnival won in 3 min. 5 3/5 sec. The Twenty-five Miles' Championship brought a large number of amateurs to the post, and was won by Gatehouse of the Cambridge University B.C., in 1 hour 26 min. 20 2/5 sec., which was an improvement on the performance of last year's winner, who did the distance in 1 hour 28 min. 59 sec.

TENNIS.—The four-handed match between the representatives of Oxford and Cambridge drew a crowded house at Lord's on Saturday last, notwithstanding the Eton and Harrow match outside. The Light Blues, who it will be remembered recently lost the "Singles," now completely turned the tables, Crawley and Eaton easily beating the Oxford Champions, Lord Robert Cecil and Emmons, by three sets to one.

LAWN TENNIS.—As usual, the Championship meeting at Wimbledon has been attracting a large and fashionable company. W. Renshaw and H. F. Lawford were left in for the final "Singles," and though the latter played a splendid game, Renshaw was too much for him, and won the Championship for the fifth consecutive year. Lawford, it will be remembered, was the "runner-up" last year.

ATHLETICS.—Some good sport was enjoyed at the meeting of the London Athletic Club at Stamford Bridge on Saturday last. The Four Miles Walking Match was won by J. H. Julie of the Finchley Harriers, with a 1 min. 20 sec. start, but the "scratch" man, A. J. Ockelford of the Spartan Harriers, who came in second, took the honours of the race, doing the distance in 31 min. 32 sec., and walking in the fairest and best possible style. His mile in 7 min. 10 3/5 sec. was a very fine performance, and altogether he showed himself equal to our best performers. M. H. Harrison of the Theale F. C., with 35 yards' start, won the One Mile Steeplechase Handicap.—The Irish Championship Meeting at Ball's Bridge produced some grand performances, especially in putting the weight and throwing the hammer, the record being beaten in each of these events. In putting the weight O'Brien, of the Clonmel F. C., in his first put beat the best on record with 43 ft. 9 in., and afterwards put the extraordinary distance of 44 ft. 10 1/2 in.—At last three matches of one, four, and ten miles have been arranged between our great ex-athlete, W. G. George, and W. Cummings, the champion professional. Each race is for 100*l.* a-side, and the first will take place in about six weeks. A fortnight will intervene between each and each of the others.

BILLIARDS.—The Pyramid Championship Match at the Westminster Aquarium between J. Roberts, jun., and W. Cook was won easily by the former, the final score being 100 games to 71.



THE SEASON continues propitious, and alike on the farm and in the Row may be heard the remark that "we are having a fine summer." The rainfall of Saturday and Sunday last was very refreshing, but while this moisture has been sufficient to swell the grain in the case of wheat it has hardly sufficed for the want of the oats, which are beginning to droop. It is now feared, too, that barley will be a rather deficient yield, though the quality should be high, and the proportion of malting samples good. Peas have died off prematurely on light soils, but have done well on heavier land. Swedes and turnips need considerably more rain than they have yet received, while mangels, although they have stood the dry heat better than other roots, are still needing moisture. The uncertain prospects of the hop-gardens a month ago have now been exchanged for a fair promise of a satisfactory yield. The vine has put forth strong lateral shoots, and burr is showing on the goldings, and even on some later sorts in the forward Wealden districts.

HAYMAKING.—When meadow hay is really fit for the stack no time should be lost in making it safe. In the West of England the air is so perpetually pervaded with a certain amount of moisture that the difficulty of drying up the juices of the grass is very great, and it is seldom safe to put a large bulk together without a preliminary fermentation in a series of small stacks. But where the air is dry, as in the Eastern and Home counties, this somewhat wasteful custom is better honoured in the breach than in the observance. The risk of

overheating in the stack may be greatly reduced by means of an exhaust fan, also by leaving chimneys in large stacks, and by building up large stacks by degrees. The finer and better the weather, however, the greater is the caution requisite, as hay in such weather often appears more cured than it is. Unless the sap be dried out of the "knobs" in the straw there will be heating in the stack.

ENGLISH FARMERS will see with satisfaction that during the first six months of 1885 the imports of foreign stock have only been 133,499 oxen, 26,537 cows, 27,564 calves, 349,896 sheep, and 1,970 pigs, against 154,066 oxen, 33,816 cows, 31,641 calves, 499,682 sheep, and 9,198 pigs in the corresponding period of 1884. This may be taken to show that at least in the case of meat our home producers are now more than holding their own. There is, however, one important exception: the imports of bacon have increased to 1,583,669 cwt. from only 1,368,495 cwt. The prevalence of swine fever may have something to do with this, but anyhow it is tolerably clear that our farmers have yet to make pigs pay. The figures with relation to cheese are healthy, the present year having thus far needed only 439,212 cwt. from abroad against 512,459 cwt. in the same period of 1884. There is also a diminution in our purchases of foreign potatoes and of hops. Corn and butter show an increase.

SHEEP.—The prices made at the sale of the Merton South Downs, together with the sale itself, must be taken as showing that less money is being put into agriculture, and more taken out of it, than used to be the case. At this sale neither the world-wide renown of the flock nor the presence of Continental and American buyers could prevent the average price per head remaining at 6*l.* as compared with six guineas, the average at Lord Walsingham's former great sale, which moreover included a number of lambs. At the recent sale no lambs were included, so that the decline is even more marked in reality than in appearance. The highest price, 155 guineas, was given for a ram by Mr. Warren.

FARM SEEDS.—At the last meeting of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, Mr. Carruthers commented favourably on the purity of grass seeds, which he said showed yearly a higher per centage. Scarcely any rye grass is now met with in the seeds of meadow fescue; small quantities, in no case more than twenty per cent., are still found in the seeds of the tall fescue. Flote grass, said Mr. Carruthers, is a hybrid which does not produce ripe seed. It ought not to be mixed with oat grass or any other seed; in fact, it ought not to be in seedsmen's books, for if supplied true it will not seed, and if another grass is sold in its place a worthless plant may be introduced into the field, and may be difficult to destroy. Yorkshire fog is too frequent in all seeds; it is due to gathering cautiously, whereby the seed of the weed gets in with proper seeds. Haresfoot clover amongst white clover seeds and daddler seeds among red and alsike clovers must be guarded against, whilst the dangerous fungus of ergot must be looked out for, not only on rye but also on meadow grasses, such as the tall and meadow fescues.

THE DAIRY.—The increased attention given to dairy farming finds but little reward in present prices. Milk has recently fallen in most counties, and the demand seems hardly equal to the supply. This is a bad state of affairs, for the true demand would certainly be equal to much more than the present supply. This demand must be developed, and the way to develop it is to adopt a system of direct trading between farmers and consumers, whereby middlemen's profits may be divided between the two *real* interests concerned. Cream and cream cheeses are growing in demand, but farm-house butter is not selling well. If fresh butter, however, is a dubious profit, salt butter may with careful management be made a safe, as well as a fair profit. Skilful curing during the summer months requires care, but is perfectly practicable. Farmers, however, seldom like "the risk" as they call it, "the care and cleverness" as it really is. Farming is not now a safe refuge for a dull man, and if profits are to be made, the agriculturist must watch for them like other people.

THE KENNEL CLUB makes at the Summer Show at the Crystal Palace one of the finest exhibitions of dogs that can be seen, and this year 1,288 entries were well displayed under canvas. The classes for basset hounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, setters, retrievers, collies, Basset hounds, bull dogs, spaniels, fox terriers, Dachshunds, bull terriers, Airedales, Bedlington, Irish terriers, smooth-haired terriers, Skye terriers, hard-haired Scotch terriers, Dandie Dinmonts, pugs, Yorkshire terriers, Maltese, Blenheim spaniels, and toy terriers were well filled; and, said one of the judges to us, the animals were some of the best ever brought together. The above list, long as it reads, does not exhaust all the varieties of our canine friends. There were specimens of Dalmatians, Pomeranians, and poodles; whilst spaniels were subdivided into Irish water, Clumber, Sussex and liver, field, cockers, King Charles, &c. Truly the judges had plenty of work before them to discriminate points and make awards. This English Dog Show grandly compares with the much smaller one of France, held in Paris, although the latter includes fox hounds, harriers, beagles, &c. Undoubtedly the Kennel Club, like most other Shows, is chiefly made up of pleasure or fancy animals, as must be every exhibition where the hard-working honest sheepdog is not represented. At the Crystal Palace, the "Upper Ten Thousand" amongst dogs, the favourites of fashion and curled darlings of rich owners give a tone to the crowd of animals exhibited. Rich and poor alike love the dog, and thousands of visitors find real pleasure in the Show; whilst tens of thousands afterwards read about the detailed characteristics of the prize specimens. Animal health and beauty of form, coat and movement, deservedly make the Kennel Club Shows popular.

A GARDEN PARTY most of us know; but what is a creamery party? Certainly it has rural aspects which claim a note in this column. According to the pastoral festival held at the College Farm, Finchley, on Saturday last, a Creamery Party is a Dairy At Home, to which lords and ladies, half-a-dozen Generals and Colonels, several sanitarians, some artists, and two or three thousand other guests come and take part, wandering through meadows, learnedly inspecting the intricacies of the dairy buildings, viewing the various animals, and generally surveying the details of a well-ordered establishment whence London receives a large supply of pure milk. Of course at a Creamery Party there should be a good band of music, and at Finchley the Coldstream Guards discoursed sweet sounds. Then any open-air festival requires refreshment tents, and in those of a Creamery Party dairy delicacies must certainly be promised: Devonshire junkets, strawberries and cream, curds and whey, clotted cream, soda and milk, gooseberry fool, syllabubs, and warm milk fresh from a fine cow, and from the hand of a prize dairymaid. Next, as a diversion, a parade of the Guernsey and other choice stock may exhilarate the spectators, and a little mild excitement should be produced by some daring manipulator in a bee tent, of which the netting safeguards the visitor, and allows the victim inside all the dangers to himself. If the party is to be quite perfect, there should be a decorated May-pole, around which some two score of children, girls and boys, tastefully dressed, should dance cotillions and old English country dances. The choosing of a May Queen will not be out of date in July; and besides, Her Majesty is wanted for the harvest-home procession, to take her high seat on the bough-decked wagon, in midst of her Court. What other features should mark a Creamery Party must be left to the individual taste of those who may wish to give one; and we only derive our ideas from the example given us by the Directors of the Express, Dairy Company, whose taste in all such matters was conspicuously shown to the thousands who last year visited the "Healtheries."

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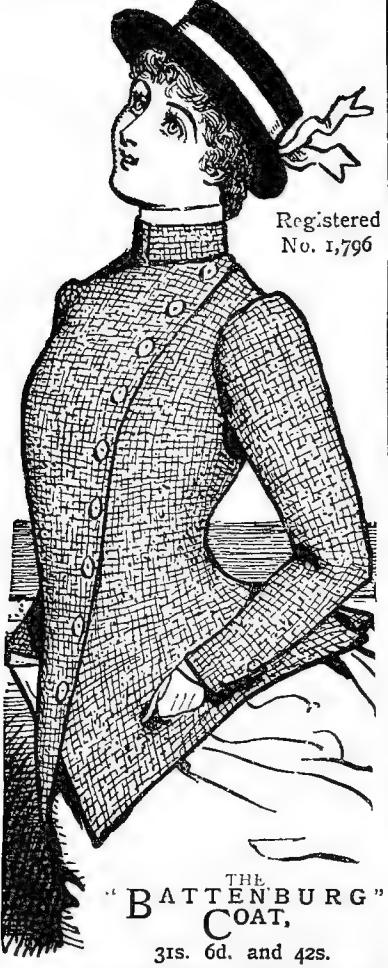
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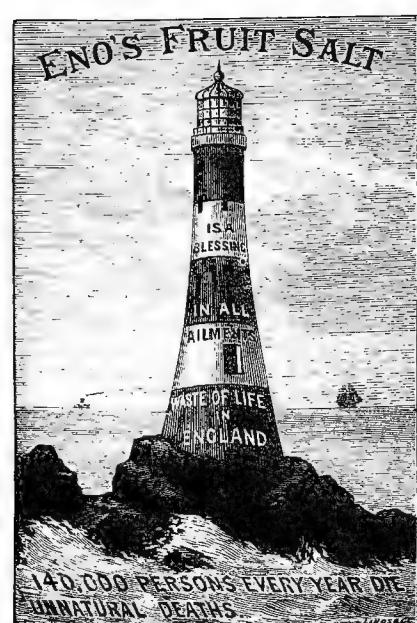
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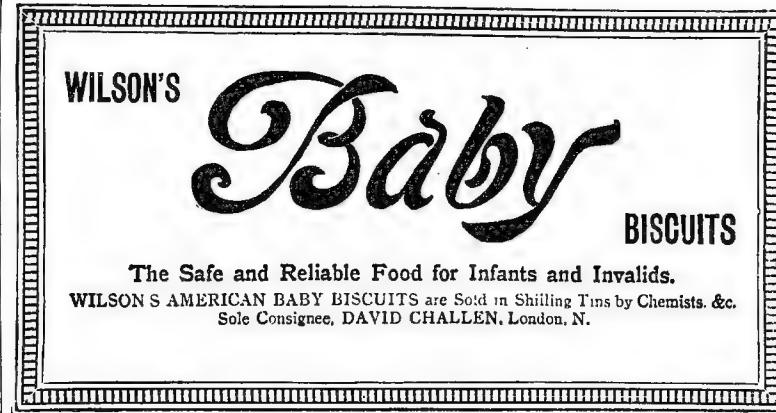
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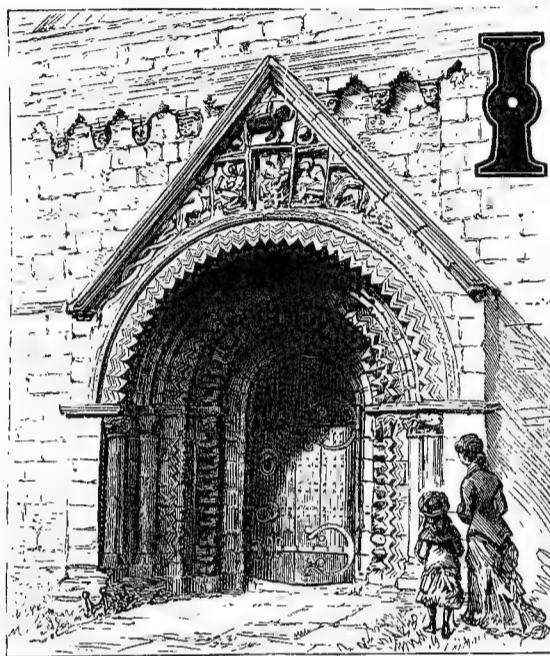
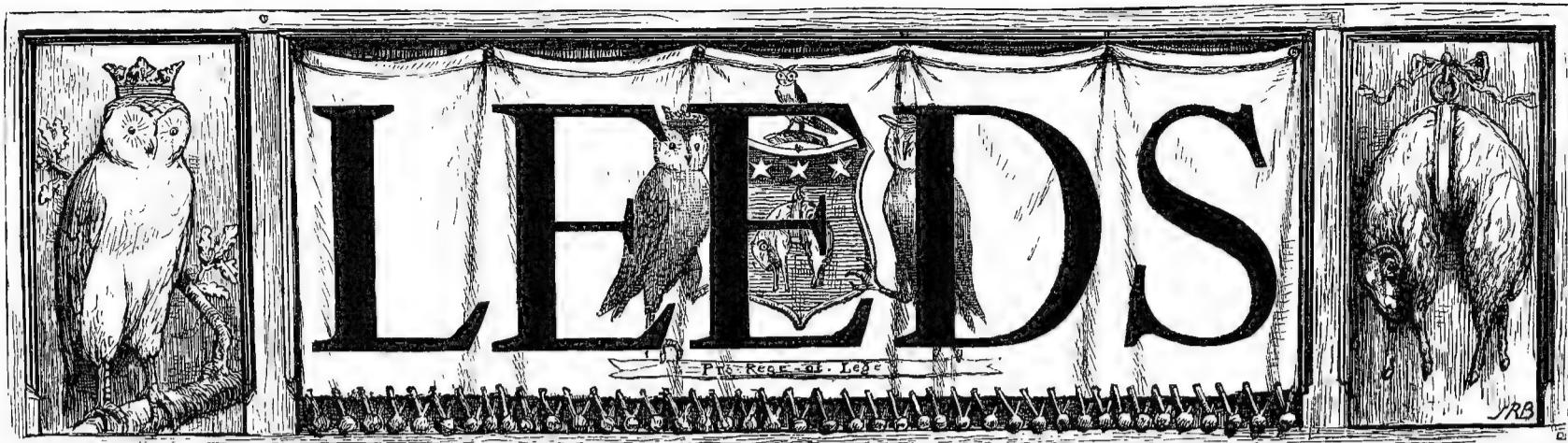
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PORCH—ADEL CHURCH

FLEEDS IS FAMOUS FOR ANYTHING it is industry. The signs of a great activity are everywhere present in this great manufacturing centre. The roar of toil and trade and the smoke thereof are never absent from Leeds. Time was, within the memory of old residents, when the atmosphere of the place was clearer, but one has to go very far back indeed before coming to the period when the town was without productive repute. Leeds, in fact, in the past as in the present, has been noted more for workers than for warriors; for although it has had a share in the conflicts of our kings and king-makers, its history is to be read chiefly by the light of the mill-furnace, scarcely, if at all, by that of the camp-fire. Leland, writing in the time of Henry VIII., made note that "the town standeth most by clothing," and later observers confirmed this opinion. The introduction of cloth-making into the district dates probably from the middle of the fourteenth century, and if so may be traced to those Flemish workers who, owing to the depressed state of their industry at home, crossed over to England and set up their looms in places that promised a good supply of wool and an open market. Leeds has never lost her hold on this line of business. If she no longer "standeth most" by weaving, she is still the chief cloth-producing town in the kingdom. Only less famous is she now, however, in other departments of industry. She is noted as a great leather mart, as the possessor of splendid tanneries, and the maker of boots and shoes in prodigious wholesale numbers. Great, too, is her power in the manufacture of flax, tobacco, iron, chemicals, and glass, and a glance at the town directory shows that in but few of

the trades in which Britain claims pre-eminence is Leeds without direct industrial interest. Of late years she has developed her control over her first staple by undertaking the supply of ready-made clothes, and in respect of the output she in this department also, as well as in what comes from her looms, holds first place. The consequence of the multiplicity of her resources is that Leeds rarely suffers the extreme depression that at times falls upon other towns, where the artisans are mainly of one class. There is always something doing in Leeds. The smoke-curtain hangs perpetually over the heart of the town—a visible reminder of the restless energy that keeps the population busy and prosperous. It may be that Leeds can boast of fewer merchant princes than are known in connection with other places of equal size, but on the other hand her wealth is widely distributed. She is a town with an extraordinary number of employers, and still surer evidence of her productive stability is found in the fact that she has more working men to the hundred who own their own houses than any other manufacturing centre in the country. Leeds is, in fact, a town that has advanced by thrift. Along with thrift has gone integrity, and there has been as a rule good government. Singularly free from crime, the town is kept in order with less restraint than is common. One reason for this satisfactory state of things is that Leeds has always had room to grow. Lawlessness is most prevalent where people are forced to live together in dense masses. There has been no such necessity in the case of Leeds. She has her poorer neighbourhoods, it is true, and there is reason at times to enforce the local bye-laws against overcrowding, but it is true also that she is a scattered borough with



MESSRS. MARSHALL'S FLAX MILL—FACTORY HANDS LEAVING FOR DINNER

a scattered population. Bradford, once larger than Leeds, as regards the number of its inhabitants, is now about one-half the size. The story goes that this should now be reversed to read "Bradford, near Leeds." But in very literal sense the old phrase is as true to-day as it was a century ago. Leeds stretches its Parliamentary limits so far in one direction that once the boundary line is reached the sister borough is within touch. Extending from Stanningley and Pudsey on the west to beyond Temple Newsam on the east, and from beyond Chapel Allerton on the north to Newhall Wood on the south, Leeds in the matter of local government takes in many townships, and covers an area of twenty-two thousand acres. The circumference of the borough exceeds thirty-two miles. Being thus spread out, this great Yorkshire town is in a position to class agriculture among her varied resources. She grows wheat, as well as manufactures iron; she feeds stock, while she keeps her shuttles flying. It is not, however, from her outlying open spaces that the stranger forms his impressions of Leeds. He takes the view the railway companies give, and that is a view made up largely of house ridges and public works.

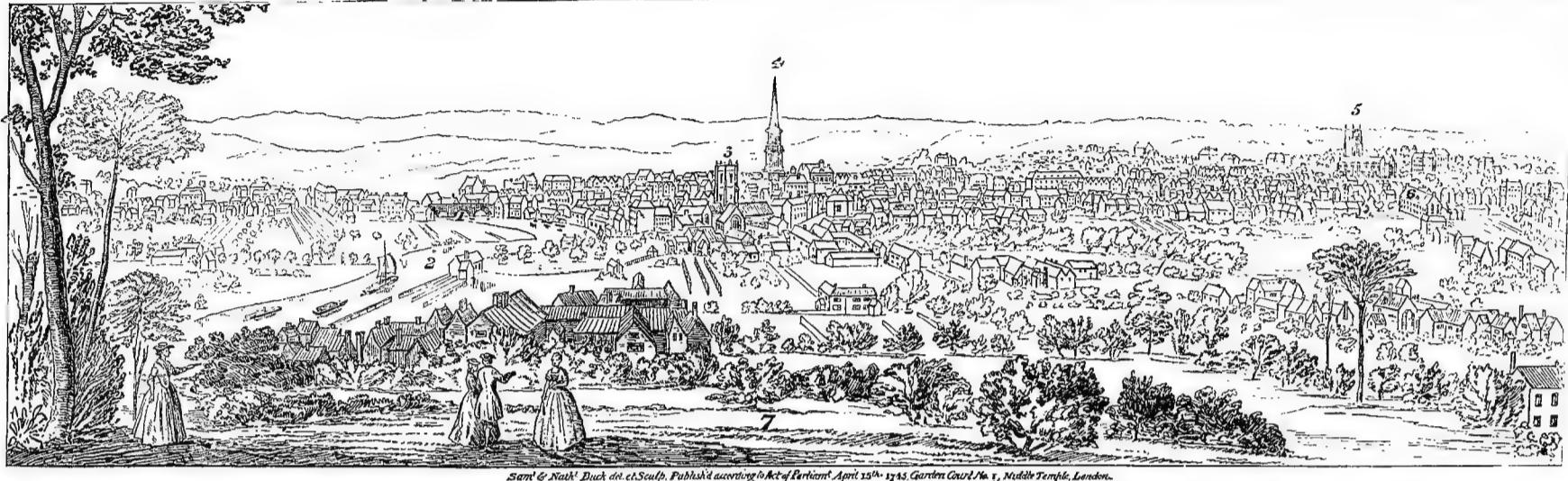
entitled to this name it was a highway for Roman legions as they passed backwards and forwards between their Yorkshire station at Calcaria (Tadcaster), and their Lancashire settlement at Mancunium (Manchester). At the time Thoresby was making his notes, Roman trenches could still be traced in Leeds, and Whittaker was able to describe from his own observations the remains of a camp, on what is now Quarry Hill. Traces of the Roman ford at the foot of Briggate were found early in the present century, and in the Museum of the Literary and Philosophical Society in Park Row are a few remains of local interest in connection with the rule of the Western Conquerors. It is in the Saxon time, however, as has been shown, that the record of Leeds begins to take form. Kirkgate has an obvious meaning, and the church to which it now leads occupies pretty nearly the exact site of one erected during the Heptarchy. A Norman Church replaced the Saxon edifice, and there were traces of this Norman building, and some memorials of its Saxon predecessor also, in the material that was removed when the ground was cleared to make room for the present church. This was about half a century ago, when Dr. Hook was Vicar. Built into the old tower was found a cross, with carvings of a very ancient date. The

in the time of Henry VIII., else it would not have escaped Leland's careful observation.

MONASTIC RUINS

Of one other work, however, for which Leeds was indebted to the De Lacy family, there is a fine memorial in Kirkstall Abbey. This magnificent Norman ruin is within the borough, and from three to four miles from Briggate. The Abbey was founded in 1152 by Henry de Lacy for the Cistercian Order, and it was dedicated to the Virgin. This De Lacy laid the foundation of the building with his own hands. Thirty years after he had the pleasure of seeing his work completed, and within the Abbey he and his son Robert found sepulture. Henry de Lacy gave liberally in money and kind for the support of the new religious house; and, as his example found many imitators among kinsfolk and adherents, Kirkstall Abbey became one of the most opulent in the kingdom. With riches came influence, and frequently the abbots were summoned to Parliament. The abbot in charge, at the Dissolution was the twenty-ninth. The remains, in addition to the Abbey proper, embrace cloisters, refectories, and residential parts, and cover a large area. Majestic

SOUTH-EAST PROSPECT OF LEEDS, IN 1745.



PAST CONDITIONS

In the period of its unwritten history, Leeds was forest-land, with here and there a hut on the riverside. A huge, sapless, hollow oak-trunk, ivy-covered, still holds firm root where the acorn it sprung from fell. It may be seen at Headingley, and invites many a pilgrimage. One of the oldest memorials of its kind in these islands, it is the solitary remnant of that remote age when Leeds was a wood and not a town. And yet Leeds has not ceased to be forest-like. Look at her from Richmond or Beeston Hill, or from the brow of the Bramley road, just beyond Kirkstall, and stately stems by the hundred are seen lifting themselves skyward; but it is tall chimneys not tree trunks that come into sight. It is but right to say, however, that if the town has smoke clouds, she has also masses of foliage. There is greenery within view even at Richmond Hill, while the picture from the Bramley side is flanked by the wooded heights of Armley, Burley, and Cookridge. Headingley, a fashionable suburb, is embosomed in trees, and it is a consequence of the broken nature of the plan of the borough, that a short walk from any of the streets where dwellings are numerous takes one between hedgerows—from factory din to the melody of the lark's song. No town has sweeter surroundings. Few have pleasanter associations. There is something pretty and suggestive in the name of the place. Whence derived is a moot point; but the most recent of the several authorities is ancient enough to gratify the antiquary, and any one version carries with it a fragment of our earlier history. In Nennius, a historian who flourished in the ninth century, mention is made of a number of cities that passed from British to Roman possession, and in the list is a Caer-Luid-coit, or city in the wood, supposed to have been situated somewhere in the Aire Valley. This old settlement has been claimed by some local writers as the original Leeds. Other authorities have given a personal origin to the name, saying that it was derived from Nazan Leod, a British chief, who is mentioned by Hume as having fallen in a great battle with the Saxons. The name comes out plainly enough in Bede. He calls it Loidis-en-Elmete, and this Loidis may either refer to the Saxon Leod, or to the people who, living on his possessions, were given the old chief's name. There was more interest, however, in Bede's time in Elmete than in Loidis. Elmete, still a district name for the old territorial lines, was the little kingdom which the early Saxon monarchs had here in Yorkshire, and the outlying township of Osmondthorpe was the "Villa Regia," where Oswy, the King who defeated Penda, the Pagan ruler of Mercia, built a palace and held his court. The battle between Oswy and Penda is the earliest of which either record or tradition has any mention in connection with Leeds. It was fought close to the town, and in such existing village names derived from the Saxon as Seacroft, or "field of victory," and Woodlesford, or "ford of corruption"—in allusion to the numbers drowned in crossing the river—we have some trace of the site of the conflict. There are many other place-names in Leeds and round about that recall the period when the Saxons held sway. Osmondthorpe is only a modern form of Oswy's village; it is written Osseythorpe in "Domesday." Near by is Coneyshaw, or Kings-wood, and Coneygarth, or King's-field. The principal thoroughfare in Leeds—Briggate—is Saxon; so also are Swinegate and Kirkgate; and in these three streets we have the nucleus round which the present town has grown. Of the earlier history of Leeds there is nothing to be said with certainty; but there is no disposition to contradict Thoresby and Whittaker in the assertion that before Briggate was

hieroglyphics on the memorial suggested Pagan ceremonies and beliefs, but as the cruciform character of the masonry suited later ideas, the theory has been advanced that the early English Christians made a convert of the relic, as they did of many a person who had once turned to it with idolatrous thoughts. Be that as it may, the demolition of the old church brought to light traces of Onlaf, the Dane, who became King of Northumbria. Onlaf entered the Humber, and his followers settled in large numbers in Airedale and Wharfedale, leaving signs of their presence at Leeds among other places. Following the Dane came the Norman, who first destroyed before he began to build. Leeds, which escaped devastation in all other wars, before and after, was not passed over when the Conqueror bore down upon Yorkshire in his wrath.

THE TRADITION OF A CASTLE

WILLIAM gave Leeds to Ilbert de Lacy, and the De Lacs are supposed to have built a castle here. Of this castle, however, there are no remains, and it receives but scant mention. Nothing is known as to when it was built or when demolished. The discovery of an old moat during excavations that were made some years ago has

as is the appearance of the ruin, its finer architectural features are not revealed to the passing glance. There is much on capital and corbel, on frieze and architrave, as well as in the general arrangement of the structure, to make the study of Kirkstall a pleasure to artist and archaeologist. The former, however, finds more to attract his fancy in the exquisite setting Nature has been allowed to retain for the neighbouring Abbey at Bolton; while the latter will linger longest over the story Kirkstall has to tell. Both Abbeys are near enough to be seen and compared even on a hurried visit to Leeds. Over the hill behind Kirkstall, and a little further north, may be seen at Adel (Adhill, or, the hill of Ada), a church left by the Normans, as modest in its proportions as that at Kirkstall was ambitious. Adel Church, which is still used for worship, dates from about the middle of the twelfth century. It has undergone restoration, but there is much about it that is intact. Some of the details are curious, as in the case of the corbel faces, and the South doorway, or porch, is elaborately carved.

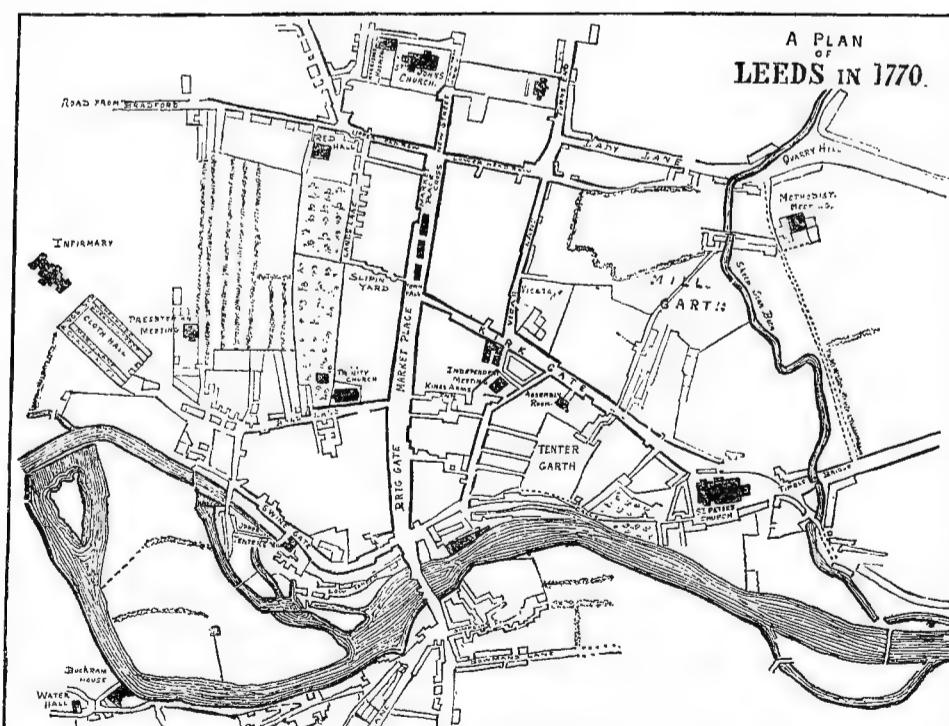
THE TEMPLARS AND TEMPLE NEWSAM

A MORE curious memorial of Henry de Lacy than the ancient

Abbey is found in the double crosses figured on the fronts of some old buildings in the neighbourhood of what was once the town end, off North Street. These cruciform symbols indicate that the property here lies within the liberty of Temple Newsam (New-husam in "Domesday"), where was a preceptory of the Knights Templar. Henry de Lacy confirmed the gifts enjoyed by the Templars, and strengthened their possessions in Leeds, and the crosses on the buildings were put up in later times as a sign that the property to which they are attached was exempt from certain imposts. It has been claimed for Temple Newsam that it is the Templestowe of "Ivanhoe," but if this were so Scott would not have omitted to record the fact in his notes to the novel. It is undoubtedly, however, that here the Templars had an important settlement, and the old house is invested with additional interest by the circumstance that it was the birthplace of Lord Darnley. The estate passed from the Templars on the suppression of their Order, and was given by Edward III. to Sir John d'Arcy. In the time of Henry VIII. it was transferred to Thomas, Earl of Lennox, whose wife was a niece of the King. Soon after Lady Lennox took up her residence here she gave birth to Darnley. The first James did not trouble himself to visit the birthplace of his father when in 1603 he stopped at York and passed south to become King of England, and he does not seem to have cared much for his Yorkshire patrimony. He passed Temple Newsam over to his kinsman, Esme Stuart, the Duke of Lennox, who made haste to sell, and found a purchaser in Sir Arthur Ingram, the ancestor of the present owner. The house covers a large extent of ground, and is in the form of the letter H. The battlement round the roof is unique, the stone work forming the inscription: "All glory and praise be given to God the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost on high; Peace upon earth, good will toward men; Honour and true allegiance to our gracious King, loving affection amongst his subjects, health and plenty within this house." The picture gallery in the mansion has a collection of Old Masters, and the Darnley Room contains what is said to be the original furniture. The old home of the Templars was pulled down by Sir Arthur Ingram to make room for the present building.

POPULAR RIGHTS

THE Normans did more than build in stone and lime in Leeds when the place passed to their keeping. They did something to strengthen the character of the people. The De Lacs bestow



helped more than anything else to fix the locality occupied by the stronghold, and the repetition of the word "park" as a street name on one side of the indicated site has been considered proof that the De Lacs who built here enclosed a wide stretch of meadow land within the castle limits. Stephen is said to have taken possession of the castle in a raid against the Scots in 1139. Mention is next made of the castle and adjoining mills in a State document of the reign of Edward III.; and it is curious to reflect that the mills, not the castle, have been perpetuated by folk-speech to give name to the neighbourhood over which the Norman battlements frowned. When we get to the somewhat doubtful fact—doubtful, because some authorities say the citadel referred to is that of the Leeds in Kent—that at Leeds Castle Richard II. was confined (1399) previous to his murder at Pontefract, we get to the last incident that is known in connection with the building. All else is blank. It is as though the castle had suddenly been obliterated. There was no sign of it

the Manor upon the Paganells, and Maurice Paganell secured for the inhabitants from King John what may be called the first charter. This charter gave the right of free burgage and the power to the inhabitants to transfer their homesteads, and it provided for the appointment of a functionary (Prætor), who was elected annually, and whose duties were analogous to those of a chief magistrate. One of the privileges those early burgesses had was that of being allowed "to bake their bread in the lord's oven according to custom." Of all the concessions that were made thus early to Leeds, that of free baking had the longest survival. The other advantages conferred by the enlightened Maurice—the first man who did a good turn for Leeds—were superseded by the greater measures of local government granted to the town from time to time; but "the lord's oven" remained, and the inhabitants, no longer "villeins," but burgesses born and bred, continued, generation after generation, for centuries to make use of it. And even yet, although the old oven has long passed away, the public bakehouse, a memorial of the ancient custom, is an institution in some of the poorer districts of Leeds. In the matter of incorporation, the charter was granted by Charles I., and as it happens the first Charles is the only Sovereign up to the present reign who seems to have passed a night in the town. He was brought to Leeds in his infancy, and again when his career was nearing its close. On the first occasion he came a sickly child in the care of Lord and Lady Dunfermline. York at the time was suffering from the Plague, else Leeds would not have been the halting-place. On the second occasion it was also to avoid York that the King was brought here. This was in 1647. The King was then a prisoner, and there were citizens in York whose attentions to the Sovereign were not desired by the Parliamentary Commissioners, who had received His Majesty from the Scotch at Newcastle. Leeds did not at this period possess any public building of special note; but there was a private house of some pretensions that had been recently erected, and as it was of brick, and the first of that material erected in the town, it was christened "The Red Hall," and the name has clung to it. Here the royal prisoner was accommodated. One other memorial of the visit is the name given to the locality in which the house is situated—King Charles's Croft. There are some pleasing stories told in connection with this unexpected tenancy of the Red Hall. Care was, of course, taken to exclude from the presence of His Majesty all persons who were likely to succour him; but, probably from motives of humanity, scrofulous individuals were admitted to the Royal presence to receive that sovereign remedy—the touch of the Royal finger. John Harrison, the benefactor, was, however, allowed to see His Majesty on another pretext. He desired to present to Charles a tankard of Leeds ale. The ale was of Harrison's own concoction, and was his best brew, seeing that underneath the froth was a shining heap of gold pieces. Another story shows that it was Charles's own fault that he did not at this time escape from his custodians. The servant maid at the Hall took pity upon the King, offered her clothes to the Sovereign as a disguise, and told him how by slipping out at a back entrance he could make his way in safety to the house of a friend of hers, from whence at some fitting opportunity he could be conducted to the coast and taken to France. The King, having a more hopeful view of his fate than what beset him, declined the favour. But he was not ungrateful. The tradition is, that he gave the maid his ribbon of the Garter, and told her that if she would show it to him in better times, or to his son in the event of the latter succeeding him, her noble conduct would not pass unrewarded. The story would not be complete if it did not tell how, after the Restoration, the maid journeyed to London and handed over the ribbon to the Second Charles. "From whence came you?" said the King. "From Leeds, in Yorkshire." "Have you a husband?" "Yes." "What is his calling?" "Under Bailiff." "Then," added the King, "from henceforth he shall be Chief Bailiff in Yorkshire." The conversation is given by Thoresby.

POLITICAL GROWTH

IF Charles I. gave Leeds a charter, the Lord Protector gave it political preferment. The town experienced some smart cannonading during the civil strife that preceded the Commonwealth, and it changed hands more than once. The casualties, however, were few, and the town came out of the struggle without material damage. When peace came Leeds was invited to send up a representative to the Commons, and the choice of the burgesses fell on one Adam Baynes, of Knotstrop near by, who had been a captain in the Army of the Parliament. There is in existence a letter of thanks, written by Captain Baynes after his election, wherein he asks that all party feeling may be forgotten, and advises the burgesses to seek after the promotion of the clothing trade, "which you know, under God, is the greatest means of most of your well-beings." The enfranchisement was, however, but temporary. As between the Paganell Charter and that of Charles there was a wide interval, so there was a great gap between the first recognition of the claims of the borough to Parliamentary rights and that which was given when those claims were permanently acknowledged. The Restoration brought nothing to Leeds but a second charter, and it was not till the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed that Leeds was again in a position to cast a Parliamentary vote in her own right. She was given two members, and one of the two chosen was Thomas Babington Macaulay. The other was John Marshall, the younger son of a man who, by the introduction of flax-spinning, had given Leeds a new industry. Macaulay held the position until his Indian appointment, when he resigned. Then, as it happened, Leeds returned another Baines to Parliament. This second Baines was, however, no relative of the Knotstrop family, and was not indeed a native of the town. He had come to Leeds from Preston, a poor printer in search of work, and, getting employment on the *Leeds Mercury*, showed himself a capable craftsman, and in no long time his tact and sagacity began to be felt in the little establishment. Eventually the paper passed into his hands, and from being a small news sheet it became a political power in Yorkshire. Edward Baines was one of the first journalists in England to introduce leading articles, and as he was a man of advanced views and sturdy independence, his printed words had a great effect on all popular movements in the North. A son of Edward Baines (the present Sir Edward, born 1800), undertook the editorship of the paper at an early age, and, following upon the firm and clear lines laid down by his father, continued in this position until he also was honoured by the electors, whom he represented in three Parliaments, including that which followed upon the Reform Bill of 1868, when the Constituency became entitled to three members. Under the scheme of redistribution introduced at the close of last year, the borough is now, by the way, divided for Parliamentary purposes into five portions, and will return one member from each division. For municipal purposes the borough is broken up into sixteen wards.

In the arms of the borough we have a reminder of the time when the town stood "mostly by clothing," the feature in the shield being a suspended fleece. The crest (an owl, argent), and the supporters (two owls, argent, ducally crowned or), are from the arms of the old Savile family, and were added to the escutcheon in honour of Sir

John Savile, knt., the first alderman of the borough. The chief with its bearings (the golden fleece now rests on a chief sable, three mullets argent), was an addition made at the time of the granting of the second charter, and is the permanent memorial of Thomas Danby, the first mayor of the town. The motto is "Pro Rege et Lege."

CHURCHES AND CHAPELS

EXCEPTING a chantry here and there—notably one at the Bridge End—one church was for centuries considered sufficient for the wants of the town. The present parish church (St. Peter's), is built on the site of the old edifice. It was opened in 1841, when Dr. Hook was vicar, and cost about 40,000*l.*, the sum being raised entirely by contributions. The second church in Leeds (St. John's, now, in the architectural sense, the oldest) was the gift of John Harrison, merchant and alderman, and was consecrated in 1634. This edifice, apart from slight modifications in the interior, made for the convenience of worshippers, remains very much in its original state. It was repaired—repaired rather than restored—about seventeen years ago, under the superintendence of the late Sir Gilbert Scott. The next church in point of age in Leeds is the Roman Doric structure in Boar Lane, known as Holy Trinity. There is a tradition that this church was built from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. If so, the plans must have been the last that came from the great architect, as the first stone was laid in 1722, the year before Sir Christopher died. The site was bought for 175*l.*; it could not now be purchased for 50,000*l.* Originally the tower of Holy Trinity ended in a pointed spire, as is shown in old plans of the town; but the spire was damaged in a storm many years ago, and the tower was then reconstructed in its present form. St. Paul's, in Park Row, was opened in 1793, and St. James's, in York Street, a year later. The latter building, however, was at first used by the Huntingdonians, and did not pass over to the Establishment until 1801. All the other churches in the borough of Leeds, at least fifty in number, and many of them handsome edifices, belong to the present century, the majority of them owing their foundation to a Church Extension Movement that has been carried on vigorously during the last twenty years. There is no very old existing chapel. The fine Gothic building in Park Row, used by the Unitarians, while interesting for its many points of beauty, is interesting also from the fact that it occupies the site of what is said to have been the first Nonconformist meeting-house in the North of England. The old building was erected by the Presbyterians in 1672, immediately after the first indulgence. Many eminent men occupied its pulpit, Dr. Priestley, the philosopher, among others. Like most of the churches, the chapels of Leeds

later as in the earlier period,—Briggate, Swinegate, Boar Lane, Kirkgate; with here and there a "row" or a narrow passage, leading from the main street into garden grounds and country lanes; that was all. Whence then the mills that produced the cloth, by which the town mostly stood? These were all in outlying villages. None of the old mills were very large. Many of them were over or under sleeping and living rooms; for, as yet, only the hand-loom was used, and the undertaking was very much a family-business. Once or twice a week the clothiers came into town with their products; and the extent of the early cloth trade may be guessed at from the fact that for generations the bridge served as the market-place, and the battlements and a few outlying stalls for the display of the cloth. The bridge, when first put to use in this way, was a Norman structure of five arches. It was decidedly picturesque, but uncomfortably narrow, and it was no doubt the crush upon it on market-days that caused the authorities at length to widen it.

Fortunately for men of antiquarian tastes, the widening process, although carried out in three successive periods, was conducted on economic principles—so much so that the old Norman arches remained practically intact, and could be readily identified from underneath. The much-cobbled old bridge has only recently passed away. It was replaced in 1873 by the single arch of iron. Not only was the old narrow bridge used for a market, but a chantry at the North End, dedicated to St. Mary, and which up to the Dissolution opened its door to the wayfarer who sought early mass, was used as a warehouse. The transition from the spiritual to the worldly in the case of the chantry was, however, not so abrupt as this statement may lead the reader to imagine. St. Mary's Chantry was transformed in the first instance into a school, and it was within its walls that Thoresby received the rudiments of his education. The time came when no amount of widening to which the bridge could be subjected would have sufficed for the Leeds Cloth Market. Before the seventeenth century was out, that market was famous over England. Dealers flocked to it from every county, and cloth-makers from a wide area knew no better mart than this insignificant town with its one street. As the attendance increased, the one street became the market-place; the transfer of the cloth pieces from the battlements of the bridge to stalls on each side of Briggate dating from 1684. Half a century or so later, Briggate itself became too small for the development of the trade, and a movement was started which resulted in the establishment of the Cloth Halls. The Mixed or Coloured Cloth Hall was erected in 1758, on a site at the end of Boar Lane, in the midst of what was then broken country. This hall still exists, and in very much the condition in which it was left by its founders, but its glory has departed. It is built in the form of a parallelogram, enclosing a spacious quadrangle, and has a rotunda in front. The appearance of each room in the building is that of a long narrow hall—so long that each apartment is not inappropriately named a "street." The furniture consists of a series of low stands for holding the cloth pieces. Room was found at the opening for about 1,800 stalls, and at one time nearly as many manufacturers used the building. It was not every one who could secure rights in the institution. Each applicant had to satisfy the trustees that he had personally served a regular apprenticeship to the making of coloured cloth. This is more than some of our manufacturers can do to-day; but it could be done then, for the reason already stated—that the trade was wide-spread, although conducted, individually, in a small way. The original price for a stand was three guineas, but, as the demand became greater than the supply, any of the original proprietors who gave up his rights got the three guineas returned many times over. The White Cloth Hall was erected twenty years later, and was situated somewhat nearer to Briggate, on the eastern side, than the Mixed Cloth Hall was on the west, but it also, at the time of its erection, was as much in the country as its neighbour. Still later, for the benefit of irregular traders, and those who had served no apprenticeship to the business, a small hall was opened in Albion Street. A branch of the North Eastern Railway now runs obliquely over the old White Cloth Hall—a privilege that was only accorded to the railway company on the directors agreeing to build another and a better hall in its place. This they did on a site in King Street, west of the Mixed Cloth Hall, and at a cost of 20,000*l.* The money, so far as the cloth interest is concerned, might as well have been saved. A great portion of the new White Cloth Hall is tenantless. One end of it serves as a sort of central station for the Parcels Post. The Mixed Cloth Hall will probably at no distant day be secured by the town for improvement purposes, and it is believed if this can be effected, a portion of the site will be offered to the Government for the erection of a new Post Office.

AN INDUSTRIAL AWAKENING

THE deserted Cloth Halls must not be regarded as a sign of decaying trade. They have simply had their day as the old hand-looms have had theirs. In place of a stand in a common mart the cloth manufacturer has now his warehouse; in place of a room or two, with his sons for weavers, he has his factory with a thousand operatives. The change began with the introduction of steam power, and it was a change which produced an industrial awakening in Leeds, that has continued with developing force. The stimulus came to the old staple, helping it greatly; but from that day Leeds ceased to be known only as a cloth centre. The borough was now a birthplace of manufactures. She speedily became as noted for her skill in metals as for the excellence of her textile products. She added flax to her woollens and worsteds, and in no long time took a position in the new industry second only to Belfast. She erected tanneries as well as dye-works, and it is many years since she took a first place for leather making. And so the process went on. One point in favour of this extraordinary change, from a single trade to many, was the mineral wealth of the district, and especially the enormous coal and iron deposits of the West Riding. There was an advantage also in the situation of the town. The approaches were the highways of the land, and Leeds kept pack-horse and stage cart very busy. The town, it is true, is decidedly inland; but while yet the cloth trade was the one pursuit, the idea suggested itself to some practical minds to make Leeds a port. By means of an improvement in the navigation of the Aire and Calder, an outlet was found for Leeds goods by water-way to the Humber. The Act of Parliament sanctioning this work was obtained in 1699—the first of the kind, it is said, in England. A century later Leeds joined in the still greater project of making connection with the Mersey, this being done by a canal, which has a length of 129 miles, and nearly a hundred locks. The Leeds and Liverpool Canal was opened in 1816, and with its completion Leeds was able not only to secure communications with the two oceans, but by means of canals in conjunction with her own to have a water route as far south as the Thames. These outlets for her products were patronised to the utmost, and it was mostly an outgoing trade. What came in return was trifling in comparison. There were but few purchasable things then in the town which Leeds did not make for herself. She had the good fortune to succeed in almost everything she undertook. In turning her attention to flax she was especially favoured. The start in this



THE RED HALL—REAR VIEW

are all modern erections. A few of them, however, as in the case of Mill Hill Chapel, have replaced older meeting-houses. The most historic of the Wesleyan places of worship is St. Peter's, which fifty years ago took the place of a sanctuary endeared to the body under the curious name of the "Old Boggard House." Here the voice of the founder of Methodism has been heard, and from here came the stimulus that eventually made Methodism, in its various forms, a mighty power in the town. Of other old chapels that have ceased to exist mention need only be made of one in Call Lane, almost contemporaneous with that on Mill Hill, and which, also, was used as a Presbyterian meeting-house. Of the Independent places of worship the oldest is Salem, in Hunslet Lane, built in 1791, but devoid of architectural beauty; and the most striking in appearance, despite smoke stains and weather wear, is the Greco-Doric edifice in East Parade, where Dr. Eustace Conder, author of "The Bases of Faith," preaches. The Friends have a meeting-house in Woodhouse Lane, to which they migrated in recent years from Water Lane, where they had a place of worship whose foundation dated back to 1699. The Roman Catholics have in St. Ann's, at the head of Park Row, a Cathedral Church (the Leeds districts forming a Diocese), and in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, on Richmond Hill, an edifice which, if it should be completed, will be the most imposing building possessed by the body in the North of England. The intention, when funds permit, is to furnish the latter building with two western towers, subsidiary chapels and sacristies, and to have a monastery attached. Another large Roman Catholic chapel is St. Patrick's, in York Road, and there are four or five others. The Jews have two synagogues—the Great Synagogue, as it is called, in Belgrave Street, and the Synagogue of the New Congregation, in St. Alban's Street. Nearly all the Christian sects are represented in the town, and, all included, there are probably not fewer than 200 places of worship in Leeds.

THE ADVANCE OF TRADE

IT was only when it got charter rights and corporate privileges that Leeds began to figure at all prominently as a provincial town. There is but little mention of it from "Domesday" up to the time of the Stuarts; and, indeed, from the date of the first charter to the beginning of the present century, the wonder of the stranger must have been that a place so insignificant to look at should have obtained any reputation for trade. Century followed century, and Leeds appeared to be absolutely at a standstill. The town in Thoresby's time had no more streets, and scarcely more houses, than in the Saxon era. The streets in fact were virtually the same in the



Fleet Street

THE "SHAMBLES"



THE COLOURED CLOTH HALL. ("NEW STREET" SECTION)



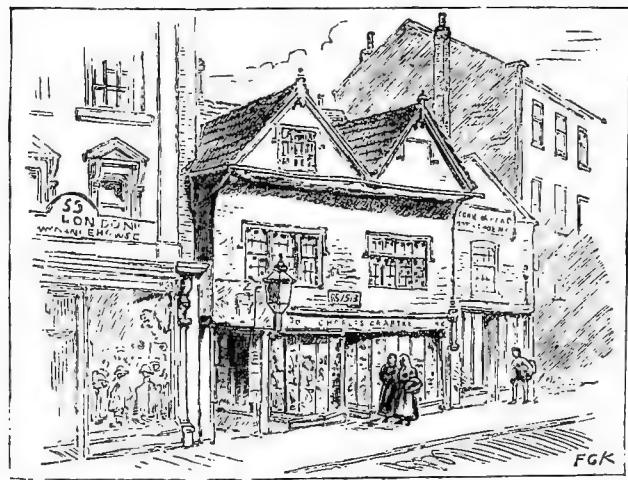
KIRKSTALL ABBEY



TEMPLE NEWSAM—THE ROOM IN WHICH LORD DARNLEY WAS BORN



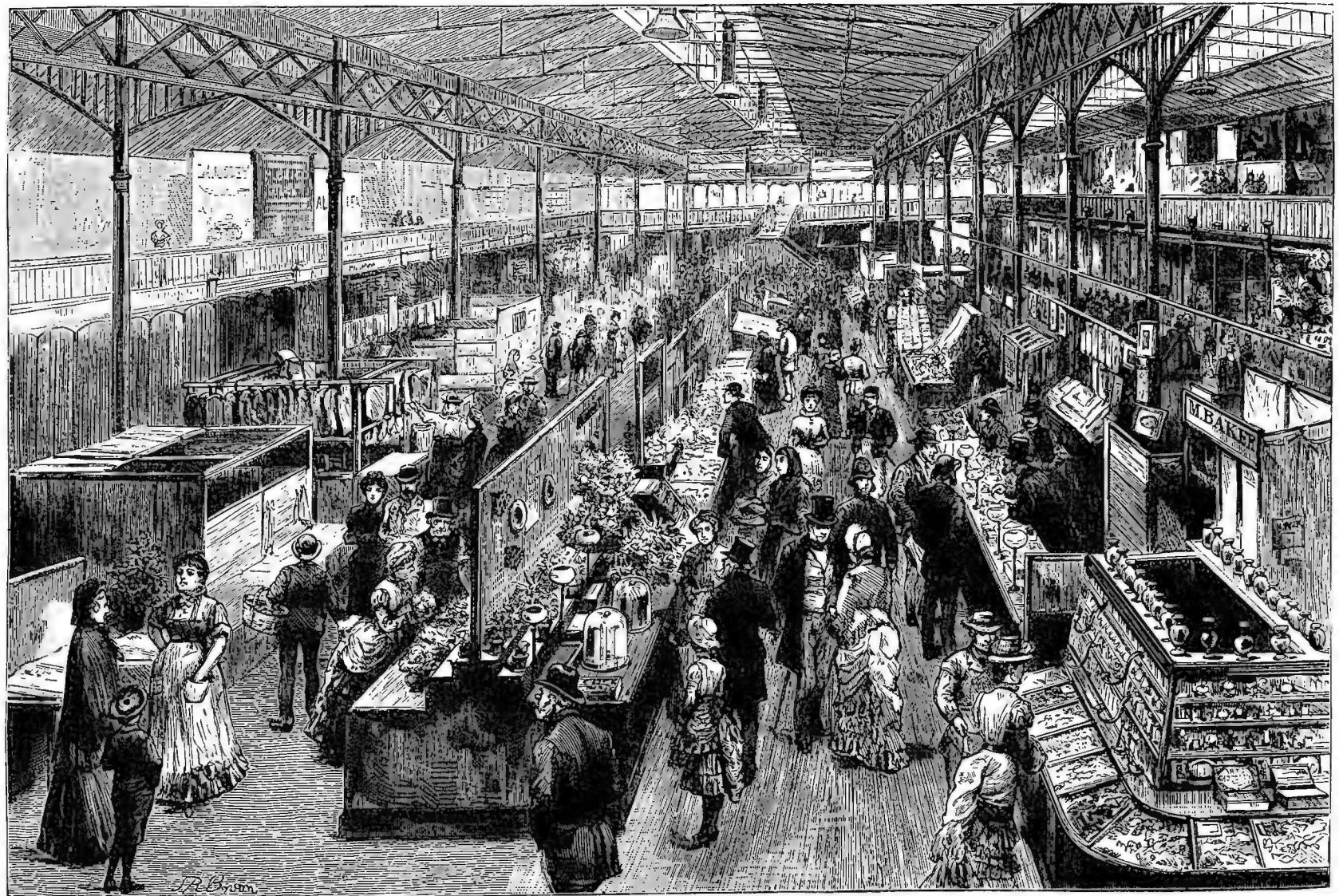
CORNER OF BRIGGATE AND BOAR LANE



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN BRIGGATE



ST. PETER'S CHURCH



THE COVERED MARKET, KIRKGATE

direction was, however, humble enough. It was made by Mr. John Marshall in a small building in the neighbourhood of Adel. While Mr. Marshall was at this place an ingenious mechanic, named Matthew Murray, entered his employment. The first Edward Baines has been called the Franklin of Leeds; Matthew Murray may be called the James Watt of the town. He introduced appliances that revolutionised the flax trade. His inventions were of the greatest service to his Leeds employer, and Mr. Marshall, himself possessed of considerable ingenuity, recognised to the full the advantage he gained from such a workman.

Subsequently Murray started in business as an engineer on his own account, and brought out many improvements in machinery, some of which have never been superseded. He has the credit also of inventing and constructing the first steam locomotive put to practical work. Quite thirteen years before the Stockton and Darlington Railway—said to be the first in the kingdom—was opened there was a train of coal waggons running on rails with an engine attached from the Middleton Colliery, near Leeds, to Hunslet. The locomotive was fitted with an extra wheel, cogged to fit into a toothed rail; in other respects it roughly resembled Stephenson's later invention. The curious will find a description of the trial of this locomotive, with a drawing, in the *Leeds Mercury* for June 27, 1812. The patent in the case was taken out by John Blenkinsop, who was a viewer at Middleton Colliery; but Blenkinsop's share in the transaction was limited to giving the order. Murray was asked to construct an engine to run on rails, and he carried out the commission. The mistake he made was in believing that ordinary wheels could not without some grip be made to go quickly over a smooth surface.

Even with this drawback, Murray's locomotive was a success. It was kept running for several years, going at a speed of from three to four miles an hour with a train of loaded waggons, and at the rate of ten miles with "empties." Before starting in business on his own account, Murray saw the flax industry transferred from the humble mill at Adel to great buildings at Holbeck. There the industry is still carried on by the successors of Mr. Marshall, and their factory—one of the largest in Europe—is one of the sights of the town, and is interesting not merely for its great size, the number of hands employed, and its wondrous display of machinery, but also for the completeness of its arrangements and the fact that the Messrs. Marshall had the good taste to consult the artist as well as the builder in erecting their mill. The premises resemble externally an Egyptian temple rather than a factory—a grimy temple it is after these years of baptismal smoke, but the propylea is only the more imposing in its acquired blackness. The design came from Benoni and David Roberts. The Marshalls, too, have done more than construct a mill that is a wonder of its kind. From the first they provided for the intellectual and moral well-being of their army of operatives. They anticipated both the Factory and the Education Acts, content always with a reasonable amount of labour from their employés, and providing a school, a reading-room, and a church near their works at a time when these institutions were less common in Leeds than they are now.

POPULATION AND THRIFT

No town could develop its industries as Leeds has done without showing an enormous gain in population. As the century opened and the ring of the forge hammer began its accompaniment to the whirr of the shuttle, there were about 50,000 souls in Leeds. But the awakening had now begun, for these numbers are more than double what they were a quarter of a century earlier. In 1801, when the first reliable Census was taken, the number was 53,612. In 1811 it was 62,534. The Census of 1821 gave an increase of over 21,000. Between 1821 and 1831, steam-power having been fairly introduced in the interval, and the locomotive giving transport to what the stationary engine was producing, the figures went up from 83,796 to 123,393. The growth of population since then has been very great. In 1841 the Census return was 172,720; in 1851, 217,149; in 1871, 259,212; and in 1881, 309,126. Fortunately, the extensive municipal area gave scope for this extraordinary and continuous accession of inhabitants; and there is yet room, and to spare. Here and there, no doubt, there are cases of overcrowding, but, as a rule, the people of Leeds, in their homes as within the limits of the borough, have more than an average share of cubic feet of air to breathe. It is largely a working-class population, and both sexes find ready employment. In the cloth mills and in kindred establishments there are as many women employed as men. If anything, the advantage is on the side of the women. It has already been said that, owing to the variety of the occupations and their diverse natures, the town rarely suffers seriously from depression of business; but another reason for this is that, in Leeds, thrift has kept pace with industry. If the working people have not kept their spare cash in the proverbial stocking they have in a safer place. Many of them have snug sums to their credit in what is one of the oldest provident institutions in the kingdom, the Leeds, Skyrack, and Morley Savings Bank (established 1818). Very many others put their trust in the more modern Yorkshire Penny Bank, with its seventy-five branches, and its facilities for the children's penny as well as for the pound sterling of the parents. Then there are four or five building societies—notably the Leeds Permanent, which began business in 1848, and has received in its time from eight to nine millions in investment, and has paid out in advances for buildings and similar purposes about four millions. Of still more importance to the working people in this connection is the direct incentive to thrift afforded them by the Leeds Co-Operative and Industrial Society—an Institution which brings to its members flour of its own making and coal of its own hewing, and has as an auxiliary a building scheme, so that it may provide cottages as well as food and clothing and furniture for its patrons. This Society was established in 1847. Its original purpose was to supply pure and unadulterated flour at the lowest possible price. It has continued to add to its resources, and it now embraces within its scope pretty nearly every element to which co-operation can be applied. It began with 1,500 members; it has now about 23,000. The original store has branched out until there are now over fifty, and they are so distributed as to be convenient to every working-class centre. At the close of 1884 the directors distributed 27,000/- as bonus claims on the profits of the half-year; paid 10,000/- for a coal wharf; and carried a surplus to the reserve fund. The present share capital of the Society runs up to about a quarter of a million.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS

In the matter of public improvements also, Leeds has been making great strides. The awakening in this case, however, came rather slowly—after rather than before its time. It is only within the last fifty years the town has possessed a public building worthy of the name. One of the first real improvements was to open up Briggate, which formerly may be said to have ended at the point

where it is intersected by Kirkgate and Commercial Street. Blocking the street from here was the Moot Hall and a pile of buildings behind, known as the Middle Row. These erections were demolished within the memory of the older inhabitants, and the streets cleared up to Lowerhead and Upperhead Row. Still later Briggate was continued past St. John's Church into North Street. The Town Hall was begun in 1853, and with the completion of that noble structure and its opening in 1858 by the Queen, an impetus was given to building enterprise, and now Leeds has much in its street lines worthy of attention. Some of the private buildings are in the best taste. Of these some fine examples are in Park Row, where are several of the banks and insurance offices, the Museum of the Philosophical Society, as well as the

source of supply was the Aire, not quite so black then as now, but in the stage of nastiness ere the change came. When the Corporation got power in the matter they laid mains as far as the Wharfe. Later they went up the Washburn—a feeder of the former river—and at successive levels stretched embankments, and provided not only a virtually inexhaustible supply of the purest water for the town, but gave to Leeds a lake district. Then as regards gas, the ratepayers find the benefit of the supply being in the hands of the Corporation in the fact that the illuminant is perhaps cheaper than it is anywhere else; it is as low as 1s. 10d. per thousand feet.

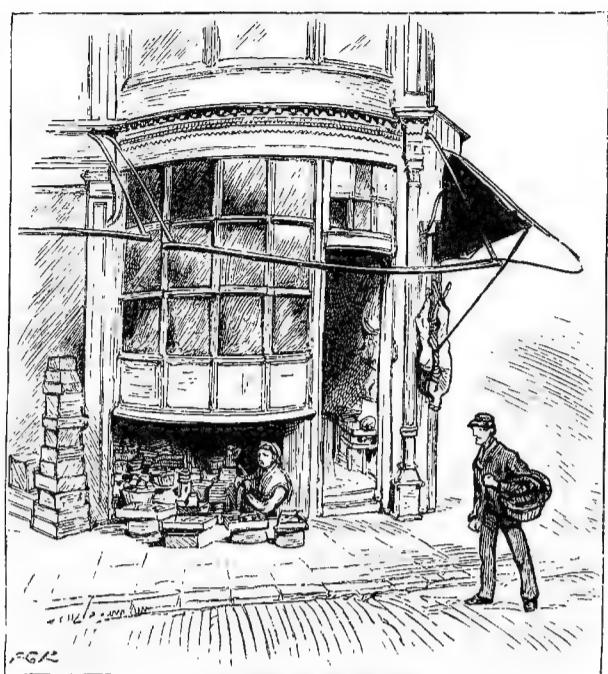
EDUCATIONAL WORK

At the head of the Educational Institutions of the town stands the Yorkshire College, the foundation of which is quite recent, dating only since 1874. For some years before that time the need of such an institution had been frequently discussed, and was generally admitted; and although the promoters did not at first get all the encouragement they might reasonably have expected, they at length made up their minds to show their confidence in the project by making a start with as small a sum as 20,000/. With this amount it was, of course, impossible to do anything in the way of erecting or of purchasing buildings; but rooms were rented, chairs of mathematics and physics, chemistry, geology, and textile industries were established, and work was begun. Only a few students entered, but neither the professors nor the promoters were discouraged. In the second session there was a decided increase in the class rolls, and the Faculty of the Leeds School of Medicine gave the best possible support to the new scheme by referring certain of their students to the College for instruction in theoretical and practical chemistry. A few benefactions came in, and it was found possible to pay attention to the Arts as well as to Science; while, through the generous aid extended by the Clothworkers' Company, the textile department was not only safely endowed, but provided with scholarships. Two important objects were kept in view in the constitution of the College. One was that whatever else was done technical training, with especial reference to the industries of the county, and especially of the West Riding, should not be neglected; and also that the curriculum be open to both sexes, and that the fees be placed at the lowest paying figure. The wisdom of the policy has been borne out by the results. The rented premises were never anything else than a makeshift. They were inadequate from the beginning, but good work was done in them, and there was a prospect of better things in store. Now and again scholarships were added to the various branches, and as time passed help came from unlooked-for sources, and there were signs of a disposition to make the institution worthy of the name it had assumed, and of the hopes of its promoters. Following the example of the Clothworkers' Guild the Drapers' Company extended a helping hand, and finding that the special department in which they might be supposed to have most interest was provided for, they did the next best thing by starting a course of instruction in coal mining. When the old premises began to be crowded, and the rooms to be used after a Box and Cox fashion, an estate on high ground in the neighbourhood of Woodhouse Lane, known as Beech Grove, went into the market, and was purchased as a college site for 13,000/. About three-and-a-half acres were thus secured, and here, through the willing co-operation of the Clothworkers' Company, a beginning was made by erecting buildings for the Textile Department. These buildings were opened in the winter of 1879. One of the strongest advocates for the foundation of the College, as he has been one of its steadiest supporters throughout, was Sir Edward Baines; and when Sir Edward, in 1880, attained his eightieth year, it was considered by his friends that it would be a fitting compliment to him, as well as a memorial of his labours in educational and social movements, to make a start with the College proper, and to name as much as could be completed the "Sir Edward Baines Wing." With this view a subscription list was opened, and was speedily filled up. Contracts were entered into, and the work was begun, the outcome being the College as we now see it. The building scheme is not yet, however, complete. The Clothworkers' Company have finished the Textile Department by adding dyehouses to the weaving and designing section. An Engineering Department is in process of construction. As soon as funds permit a College Hall is to be built on one side of the Baines wing, and the wing is to terminate on the other side, in a tower and principal entrance. A good deal it will thus be seen remains to be done, but it is satisfactory to the promoters to know that the whole business of the College is now carried on under its own roof; nor must it be forgotten that what has been accomplished has been brought about within a decade. The Leeds School of Medicine saw the value of the Yorkshire College scheme from the first, and now that the latter institution has been permanently established, with a full staff of professors and lecturers, and in affiliation with the Victoria University, the Medical School has joined hands with it, and the two bodies have become one, much to the advantage of both. The Marquis of Ripon is President of the College. The position was formerly held by the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, as a memorial to whom the Chair of Physics was endowed, upwards of 7,500/- being contributed to this object. Steps are now being taken for endowing the other chairs. The Council of the School of Medicine have given 1,000/- towards a Professorship in Physiology, and towards a Professorship in Engineering (Civil and Mechanical) Sir John Hawkshaw has given 1,000/. Sir Andrew Fairbairn has given a like amount towards the necessary appliances for an Engineering laboratory.

Not far from the College buildings—at the point in fact where College Road leads on to Woodhouse Moor—stands a much older educational institute; the Leeds Grammar School, whose foundation dates back to the fifth year of Edward VI. It also had to struggle for a time in rented and inadequate premises, but John Harrison came to the rescue in 1624, and erected a building for the School in the middle of half an acre of his own land. This building was not far from the church which Leeds owes to the same benefactor. It was reconstructed in 1823, and a quarter of a century later the present Gothic structure on Woodhouse Moor was opened. The School is free for instruction in the classical languages to all boys who are natives of the borough, or sons of persons actually residing there.

Another important educational establishment is the Mechanics' Institute, in connection with which there are not only the usual features of such institutions, but high-class day schools, and an admirable School of Art.

No greater educational work, however, has been done for Leeds than that undertaken by the School Board. Before the Education Acts were passed, Leeds, with its enormous growth of population, was badly off in the matter of elementary teaching. There were several schools doing good work in connection with the religious bodies, and here and there an occasional adventure school could be found, but thousands of children were neglected. The School Board soon saw that, however they might conserve existing rights, they would have to provide for every district in the town. The



A CORNER IN BRIGGATE

Post Office (once the Court House), the Exchange, the Unitarian Chapel, and St. Ann's Cathedral at the end, facing downwards. Wellington Street, over a great stretch, is made up of a succession of handsome warehouses. Beyond these warehouses and from thence down Kirkstall Road are several great engineering establishments. One of the latest additions to the architectural features of Leeds is the Municipal Buildings on one side of the Town Hall, in which room is found for the Public Library and News-room, and various Rate Offices, with space to spare for a Museum and Picture Gallery. These buildings are in the Palladian style of architecture, and are elaborately fitted up internally. The Infirmary, built on the Pavilion principle, from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott, is situated on the rising ground to the west of the Town Hall. It cost about 120,000/, and was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1868. The local papers are not unmindful of the fact that



THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS

during the present reign, at any rate, Royal visits to Leeds have neither been few nor far between. Roundhay Park, on the North-Eastern boundary of the borough—perhaps the finest resort of the kind in the Kingdom—was opened by Prince Arthur in 1872, while three years later the Duke of Edinburgh came to Leeds to open an Industrial Exhibition. The Duke was subsequently in Leeds in connection with the Triennial Musical Festival, and later, and not long before his death, Prince Leopold paid two or three visits to Leeds for a similar purpose.

As part of the good work done for Leeds special mention must be made of the supply of water and gas. Until comparatively recently gas was supplied by private companies. The water supply was also a private undertaking, and strange as it may seem, the

beginning in this great movement was also made in temporary rooms—in some instances in places of worship; but as speedily as possible buildings were begun, and year after year the number was added to, until now there are in the Leeds district 50 Board Schools, comprising 134 departments, with a staff of 987 teachers. The scholars on the roll in these schools number 35,388, with an average attendance of 28,116. The attendance in all the public schools of Leeds, inclusive, is 59,515, with 46,852 in average attendance. The number of children to be provided for in 1870, when the Leeds School Board began its work, was 47,340, and accommodation could only be found for 20,582 in the voluntary schools. The number of children of school age in Leeds at the close of 1884 was 75,500, with accommodation for 27,283 in the Denominational schools, and for 35,252 in the schools connected with the Board.

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS

A LONG list might be made of the benevolent institutions of Leeds. The borough cannot certainly, as has already been hinted, lay claim to millionaires, nor has it had any citizen since Harrison's time to bestow princely benefactions upon it. Still it has generous givers among the men who have drawn their wealth from its manufactures. There are at least half-a-dozen medical charities—the Infirmary at their head—depending for support on voluntary aid, and never appealing in vain for it; not always, indeed, needing to appeal. There are institutions also for the indigent and the aged, and much is done in the way of organised benevolence independent of the Poor Law. These efforts are not without their effect in securing that freedom which the town, as a rule, enjoys from some of the conditions incident to bad times. It may seem paradoxical to add to this statement that Leeds has more workhouses than are usual for a provincial town; but that is because the borough, although one and undivided for municipal and parliamentary purposes, is broken up into four parts in the matter of the legal relief of the poor. That part of Leeds on the north of the Aire is a union in itself; on the south side, Hunslet, Holbeck, and Bramley are separate unions, and they prefer to stand alone, notwithstanding efforts on the part of their neighbour across the water to effect an amalgamation.

SOME LEEDS WORTHIES

REFERENCE has been made in the course of this sketch to several men whose names are associated with the town—to Thoresby, the antiquary; to Harrison, the benefactor; to Dr. Priestley, the philosopher; to the Baineses (the first Edward Baines and his son, Sir Edward Baines). There are names of other worthies which should not be passed over, though many must be omitted. Joseph Milner, the Church historian, and his brother Isaac, Dean of Carlisle, were natives of Leeds; Benjamin Wilson, the painter, and William Lodge, the engraver, were also born here. Smeaton, the engineer, of Eddystone Lighthouse fame, was born at Aughtorpe, in the neighbourhood of Leeds. Congreve, the poet, first saw the light at Bardsey Grange, close by. Another outlying village—Ledstone—is the birthplace of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, as noble a philanthropist in her way as Harrison. Richard Oastler, the friend of the factory worker, also belongs to Leeds; and among others whose names are associated with the town may be mentioned Sir William Gascoigne, the judge; Richard Bentley, poet and divine; General Guest, who held Edinburgh Castle in the '45; and Dr. Hook, the late Dean of Chichester—"t'owd Vicar," as he is still familiarly and reverently called. It is a remarkable fact and a proof of the value of the training given in the old Free Grammar School, that seven out of the nine of the Vicars Leeds had in the seventeenth century were natives of the town. Of the Vicars the town has known during this century, Dr. Hook, as already mentioned, was translated to the Deanery of Chichester. Dr. Hook's immediate successor (Dr. Atlay) is now Bishop of Hereford; while Dr. Atlay's successor (Dr. Woodford) is Bishop of Ely. The present Vicar is Dr. John Gott, a member of an old Leeds family. W. S. C.



MESSRS. AUGENER AND CO.—To this firm we are indebted for the introduction into England of many meritorious works by talented foreign composers, whose high reputation in their own countries is not sufficient to reach us here. At the same time the members are always ready to hold out a helping hand to native talent. One of the latest of Franz Abt's melodious little cantatas is "Jorinda and Jorindel," adapted by Edward Oxenford after Grimm's "Fairy Tale," composed for soprano and alto soli and chorus of female voices, with pianoforte accompaniment. The libretto is prettily rhymed, and the music is very bright and pleasing. This cantata is admirably suited for performance at a college or school breaking-up, and might well be carried out with scenery and costumes, or in a large garden.—By the same composer are "Songs of Summer Time," twelve very charming two-part songs for treble voices, which are well worthy the notice of teachers in school and in the home circle.—A collection of four-part songs by Franz Abt, English words by Louis Novra, comprise "Lovely Spring," for mixed voices, and the same words arranged for two tenors and two basses; "Sail On, Poor Barque! Sail On!" "The Fountains are Flowing," "My Favourite Bower," "A Spring Morning," "The Night Watch at Sea," and "Ye Woods, How Dear You Are to Me," are arranged for S. A. T. B. A noteworthy fact concerning Abt's compositions is their sweet simplicity and tunefulness, which makes them suitable for out-door execution without accompaniment.—A rising young composer, H. Heale, has set in a musically manner Lord Tennyson's patriotic poem "The Fleet," which proved too much for more than one experienced pen; arranged for a quartet of male voices, a successful career may be anticipated for it. By the same composer are a brace of two-part songs for female voices, "We'll Go Maying" and "Behold the Dawn," and, prettiest of the group, "Lullaby," a three-part song for female voices, which will please and be encored wherever it is heard, if sung with taste.—Although somewhat difficult to master, Brahms' twelve Lieder and Romanzen for female voices will amply repay the pains expended on them, as they are all more or less fresh and original.—Under the title of "Handel-Album" for the organ, edited by W. T. Best, are collected in two thick volumes extracts from instrumental music by Handel now rarely performed, including "The Curtain Tunes, Marches, and other Incidental Music," from the Italian Operas; selections from the sonatas for stringed instruments; organ and harpsichord music; "Water and Fire Music, &c." Some of our readers may not be aware that the "Water Music," consisting of a series of pieces for an orchestra of stringed and wind instruments, was composed for a festival held by George I. on Virginia Water in July 1717: hence its distinguishing name. "The Fire Music" was composed for a firework display given by George II. in 1749. These two volumes, which contain upwards of a hundred works by the great composer, will prove a mine of wealth to the intelligent musician for all times and seasons.—Vol. I. of "Organ Works" by J. S. Bach will prove a valuable addition to the repertoire of all cultivated performers on this instrument, whilst students will find excellent study throughout its pages.

First Person Singular

(Continued from page 69)

"Is it far from Janenne ye're going?" inquired the Irishman a moment later.

"Two or three miles, I believe," said Maskelyne. "Not more."

"And it's pure pleasure ye're going for?"

Maskelyne nodded.

"Now, moy affair," said Fraser, leaning forward, "is a most difficult and touchy piece of business, and I don't know how I'll do with it at all. Aujourd'hui, 'tis a secret. Après demain, it'll be on all the newsmen." He leaned further forward, smiling broadly, and tapped his companion twice or thrice upon the knee, and then leaned back with folded arms.

"I suppose, now," said Maskelyne, speaking very slowly and with portentous gravity, "that you statesmen don't have much privacy? You get hunted about, and get your sayings and doings chronicled, don't you?"

"Ye get used to it," answered Fraser. "Man's an adaptable creature. He can get used to anything."

"I have heard that that is so," said the American, with monumental solemnity. "I have noticed in my own country that the most modest politician ceases in a while to be retiring. Loses his maiden shyness, so to speak. At first, nothing less than his conviction that the State can't do without him induces him to face the crowd at all. Blushes when he sees his name in print, as they say the girls do when you tell 'em how nice they are. By and by they seem to get case-hardened, both alike, and don't so much as want to blush."

"No," said Fraser, "ye get used to it. But, mind me now, public life is not without its charms."

"It is a great thing to be the chosen mouthpiece of a people," replied Maskelyne, "to give voice to the desires of a nation."

"We haven't reached that yet," said Fraser, "but we will. We are denationalised, but before long we'll be renationalised. The Phoenix will spring from its ashes."

"Yes?" said the other. "That is your metaphorical way of putting it. The verdure will reassert itself when your country is free. I have seen the Phoenix. It struck me as being——"

"The Phoenix!" cried Fraser. "What are ye trying to say?"

"Phoenix," said Maskelyne, solemnly, "Park in Dublin." Mr. Fraser shone and bubbled with laughter.

"Me good fellow," he cried, with an accent of imploring toleration, "twas the bird I was talking of." Maskelyne looked puzzled, and if possible more melancholy than before.

"Oh!" he said. "The bird? Ah! yes, of course. The bird."

"Man alive!" said Fraser, raising his eyes to the roof of the carriage. "Tis as commonplace a mythological allusion as ever ye heard in your loife. The bird that was burned when its egg was laid."

"Yes," answered Maskelyne, with a look of hopeless stupidity. "That is why you call your park by that name. I see. It is extremely appropriate. There is a large strain of imaginative poetry in the Irish nature."

Mr. Fraser made a very creditable attempt to retain his gravity, but only succeeded in bottling his laughter until it became explosive. When he had had his laugh out he apologised.

"Me dear boy," he said, "I'm ashamed to laugh at ye."

"Not at all," returned Maskelyne. "I assure you, sir. Not at all. That is one reason why I like you."

"Come, now," said Fraser, "ye're not going to persuade me that ye loike to be laughed at."

"Well, that depends on who laughs," Maskelyne responded, with the gravity of a savage or a child. "Now you wouldn't like me half as well as you do if you didn't get a laugh at me now and again. I am a little too serious and literal and matter-of-fact, myself, to laugh a great deal, but sometimes when you go off into one of those ringing bursts of merriment, I feel it catching, so to speak. It's like a yawn in church, and a yawn in church is easier to catch than yellow fever in Jamaica."

"Upon me word," said the other, half pityingly and half affectionately, "ye're a real good fellow, Maskelyne. Ye're full of the milk of human kindness. And honestly and really now, I am ashamed to laugh at ye."

"Oh, dear, no," answered Maskelyne, "I shouldn't be."

"Ye know," said Fraser, "there are times when ye say things that are downright shrewd. O'Rourke has told me things of yours that have been just as pointed as a needle. O'Rourke quite brags about ye, begad. I assure ye he does."

"O'Rourke is a strong man," said the American. "I have a great respect for O'Rourke. He is as receptive, as immediately and instantaneously receptive, as a looking-glass, and as elastic as the conscience of a candidate. I do not care in what position you might place O'Rourke, he would fit it as close as a pint jug fits a pint of whisky."

"Now there y're!" cried Fraser. "That's just the koind o' thing O'Rourke's always quoting from ye."

"Yes? I suppose he's in London still? I presume he finds his Parliamentary duties pretty heavy?"

"Well, yes. He does that. But I'll tell y' a secret. We'll have him over here in two days' time. Now," said Fraser, with much solemnity, "Oi relay upon ye. Not a word about that to a soul."

"The statement of itself is not calculated to freeze the human intellect," said Maskelyne. "But I will respect your confidence."

"I haven't tould ye yet," Fraser answered, laying a hand upon his knee. "And if I didn't know ye to be the very soul of discretion I wouldn't tell ye at all. The fact is I'm going to Janenne myself to see Dobroski, and O'Rourke's coming over two days later for the same purpose. It'll find them something to talk about in the Whitsuntide Recess, I tell ye."

"Well," said Maskelyne, surveying his cigar with a critical eye, as if estimating its weight to a grain, "that's your affair, but I should fancy Dobroski the sort of tool Parliamentary patriot might cut his fingers with. I met Dobroski in America, and I think he is in deadly earnest. Now it is all very well for that gasometer, Rossa, to go on exhaling foul air on our side the water at the rate of a cubic acre a day, or in that neighbourhood, and it's very nice and very amusing to see you sympathising with him and him with you. That hurts nobody. But Dobroski, sir, is another pair of shoes, and if once you get them fitted on them they'll most likely turn magical, and by the time they've landed you in Newgate you'll have had your legs stretched. Maybe another part of your anatomy will share that advantage. Dobroski is a man in a hundred million. Once get yoked with him and you'll go where he pulls, for you'll find him, sir, too strong for your whole national team."

"Well, well, well," responded Fraser, who had listened to all this with an air of amused tolerance. "Mayhap we'll get what we want out of Dobroski, without his getting what he wants out of us."

"If you want to do no more than wake up the political rookery in the mother country it's as cheap as gunpowder, and likely to be as effectual. But if that's your game, sir, you'll have to be careful with Dobroski. A nod is as good an invitation as a wink to him."

"Me dear man," said Fraser with a magnificent tolerance, and said no more. Maskelyne lit a new cigar at the stump of the old one, and drawing his travelling cap over his eyes, threw his legs upon the seat, and composed himself in his own corner of the carriage. His companion absorbed himself in the perusal of a small memorandum book, pasted full of newspaper cuttings relating to

the Parliamentary conduct of Michael Fraser, M.P., a gentleman in whose proceedings he was profoundly interested. When Fraser had made a speech, and the speech had been reported, he could bear to read it a hundred times. He never seemed to know it well enough to be tired of it. When anybody made a printed comment on him, he could look at it as if it had been his own face in a glass. "Mr. Fraser," said one of the great London dailies, "of whom the country is well-nigh as weary as the House, robbed the Committee of two working hours by a speech of almost unadulterated nonsense, and was five times called to order by the Chairman. In his way it may be confessed that Mr. Fraser is phenomenal. Nonsense pure and simple, nonsense absolute, flows from him in a purer current and a broader stream than from any other member of the House of Commons. This is saying much, but Mr. Fraser has established his reputation, and deserves that it should be recognised." The Ballykillrowdy "National Flag of Old Ireland" spoke of this same speech as "that impassioned yet closely-woven burst of sublime oratory;" and he was just as pleased and flattered with the one expression of opinion as the other. This was not because he was thick-skinned, though he was, as a matter of fact, a born pachyderm, but the being in print at all, under any conditions, was such a delight to him that it overpowered other sensations. Publicity was a sauce so piquant he could relish anything with it. This is not a very transparent state of mind, or one to be sympathetically understood by everybody, but it was Fraser's. Maskelyne understood him remarkably well, and enjoyed him with a wonderful gusto. It seemed to him now and again that Fraser might be playing the same game as himself, but this fear was never more than momentary.

Midway between Namur and Luxembourg the two travellers changed trains for Janenne. The engine steamed lazily through a most lovely country, and the young American, looking continually out of window, seemed absorbed in contemplation of the landscape. But it could scarcely have been the landscape which half-a-dozen times called a dreamy smile to his soft eyes, and once a blush to the sallow pallor of his cheek. When the train drew up in front of the little red brick station, a building planned like a child's toy-house, and not much bigger, the blush came to his cheek again, and his hand trembled slightly as it caressed his black moustache.

"Well, it's good-bye for a time, old fellow," he said, shaking hands with Fraser. "But I will see you again to-morrow or next day, most likely, if you can find time to turn from affairs of State."

"Are those your friends?" asked Fraser, looking through the window as the train crawled slowly along the platform. "An uncommonly pretty gyurl, bedad! The ould boy looks like an army man. He's waving his hand at ye."

"Yes," said Maskelyne, with his soft drawl a little exaggerated. "That is my man. Good day, Fraser. Tell O'Rourke I'm down here, and that I'll run over and have a look at him."

A minute later he was shaking hands with the young lady who had excited Mr. Fraser's admiration.

"Welcome to the Ardennes, Mr. Maskelyne," said Angela, with frank good humour. "How are all our friends in New York?"

"Thank you, Miss Butler," he answered, shaking her hand twice or thrice up and down, and looking into her grey eyes with a smile which was all the brighter and the sweeter because of the usual melancholy of his countenance; "I cannot undertake to tell you how all your friends in New York may be, but the few scores of whom I have heard in one way or another since I came to Europe are very well indeed. Major Butler, I am charmed to see you looking so robust. I had not hoped to see you looking so well."

"Dyspepsia," said the Major. "When I wrote you I was really ill. I am all right now. But I've been a good deal worried, and when I'm worried I get dyspepsia, and dyspepsia means despair. That your baggage? Got the ticket for it?"

At this point Fraser came up with perfect *sang froid*, raised his hat to the girl, and accosted Maskelyne.

"I say, ould man, tell me, what's the best place to put up at here?"

"Hotel des Postes," said the Major. Mr. Fraser raised his hat to the Major.

"Je vous remercie, monsieur."

"Let me introduce you," said Maskelyne. "Major Butler, this is Mr. Fraser, a member of your British House of Commons."

"Oh!" returned the Major, nodding curtly. "Member for——?"

"Ballykillrowdy," interjected Mr. Fraser.

"Delighted to meet you!" said the Major, but he did not look as if this statement could be accepted.

"The carriage is ready, dear," said Angela, laying a hand upon her uncle's arm. Fraser bowed with a flourish, and she could scarcely do less than respond.

"One of those Home Rule fellows?" asked the Major, as he took up the reins. "Don't like 'em. Traitors, the lot of 'em!"

The groom and his master sat side by side, and Maskelyne and Angela had the interior of the carriage to themselves.

"It is a real pleasure to be here," said the young man as the carriage rolled along, with wood on one side and river on the other. He looked about him on the landscape, which seemed to doze in the warm light, but his glance returned to Angela. "I was afraid that I shouldn't be able to come, for my lawyers cabled to me twice to call me home again, but I managed to get the business through without crossing. I wouldn't have missed coming for all the lawyers in New York!"

"You will find us a little dull here," said Angela. "The fishing is very fine, and you will find plenty of work for your camera, but the evenings are very long, even in this beautiful weather."

"I do not expect to be dull, Miss Butler," he responded, quietly;

"and I know the evenings will seem a great deal too short for me."

"Ah!" she said, with a laugh, "you should save your prettiest speeches for your leave-taking."

"Don't talk about my leave-taking already, Miss Butler! I should like to think for a little while that this was permanent." As he spoke he spread out his hands a little, palm upwards, and looked around him a second time, but again his glance returned to Angela. "It's a disappointing sort of world, don't you think? You have 'good-bye' in your ears before you have said 'How are you?'"

"You are promised to us for a month, Mr. Maskelyne," said Angela, "and no pretence of having received a summons home can be allowed to release you before you have served your time."

Just at this moment the Major's whip swished in the air with an angry sound, and the horses, which had been going at a steady trot, dashed for a minute into a gallop.

"Surely," cried Maskelyne, "that was Dobroski whom we passed just now." Angela raised her eyebrows a little, and held up a warning hand.

"Ah," said the Major, who had pulled the horses back into their settled pace again, and now turned upon his seat with a wrathful face. "You know that fellow, do you, Maskelyne? Where did you meet him?"

"I met him in the States," returned Maskelyne. "Here and there. He excited a good deal of notice there two years ago."

"Please do not speak of him in my uncle's hearing," Angela said in a low tone. "I will tell you why later on."

No later on than that evening she told him, and he saw quite clearly that it could scarcely be politic to mention Dobroski to Major Butler if he desired to see that excellent gentleman keep his temper.

"Mr. Dobroski," said Angela, "escaped from St. Petersburg in a



THE RED HALL



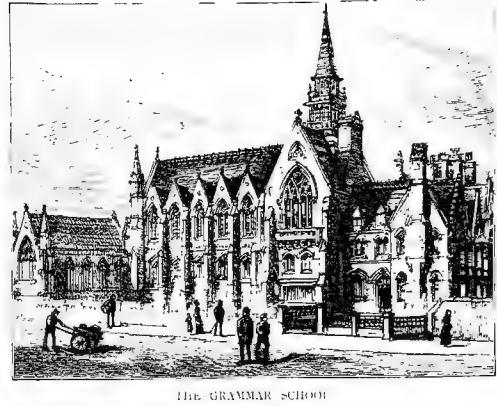
JOHN HARRISON, THE PHILANTHROPIST
(LEEDS WORTHY)



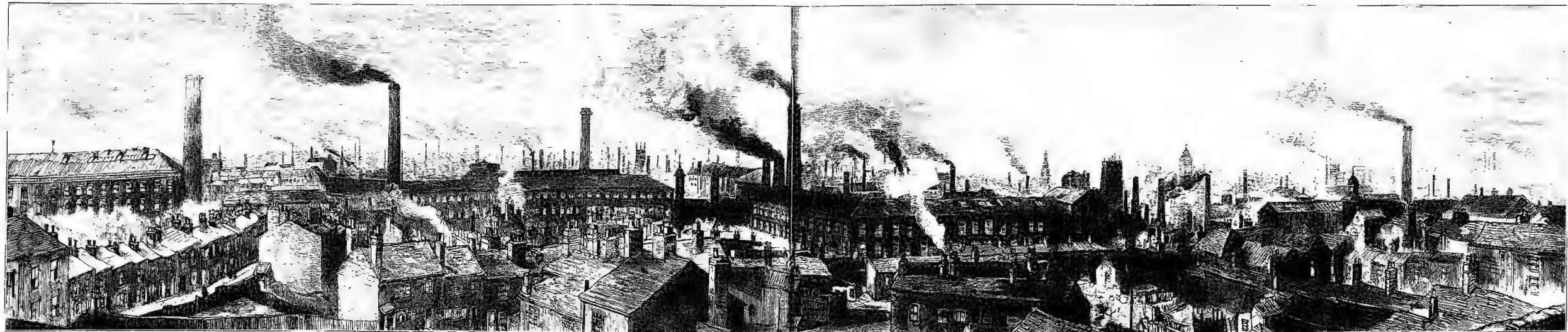
THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE, RECENTLY
BUILT BY HRH THE PRINCE OF WALES



BENJAMIN WILSON, PAINTER
(LEEDS WORTHY)



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL



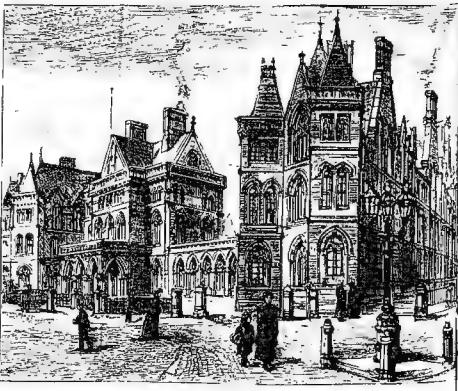
THE INDUSTRIAL ASPECT OF LEEDS FROM RICHMOND HILL



THE CORN EXCHANGE



WILLIAM CONGREVE, POET
(LEEDS WORTHY)



THE INFIRMARY



MARSHALL'S FLAX MILL—EXTERIOR



RALPH THORESBY, THE FAMOUS HISTORIAN
(LEEDS)



THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

very romantic way more than thirty years ago, after the seizure of his wife and children by the Government. He went to England, and my father heard his story there, and found him out, and was a help to him in many ways. My father was an ardent sympathiser with the Poles, and Mr. Dobroski was known as a really ardent and self-sacrificing patriot. People sometimes speak of him as a Russian, and that greatly angers him, for he has nothing but Polish blood in his veins."

"He looks Jewish," said Maskelyne; "not commonplace Jewish, but heroic Jewish. A modern Jeremiah, and full of lamentations."

"He became passionately attached to my father," the girl went on, "and I do really believe, without exaggeration, he would have laid down his life to serve him. When my father died he transferred his affection to me, and I know he loves me dearly."

"That," said the young American to himself, "is not a surprising circumstance." But he kept silence.

"I could never tell you," said Angela, with an earnestness which seemed to the listener very pretty and engaging, "a tithe of the things he has done to prove his gratitude to my father and his affection for me. He has been most devoted and most self-sacrificing. But (I hardly know how to say it, he is so good and kind) he tinges everything with a sort of fanaticism, and an idea once seized is immoveable with him. My uncle intrusted some funds of mine, as my trustee, to a business enterprise of some kind which failed, and Mr. Dobroski thought for some wild reason, or no reason rather—that my uncle had profited by my loss, and had actually attempted to rob me. Nothing—not even the fact that before my uncle heard this accusation he had restored the lost money to my account, and had taken the whole loss upon his own shoulders—could or can persuade Mr. Dobroski that this monstrous fancy is not true. They quarrelled desperately, and I have tried for two or three years to reconcile them, but with no result. My uncle will never forgive Mr. Dobroski, and Mr. Dobroski will not abandon his ridiculous fancy. It is hard for me sometimes to keep my place between the two."

"You meet Mr. Dobroski still?" asked Maskelyne.

"Oh, yes, I meet him still, and my uncle makes no objection to my meeting him. But we had no idea that he was living near here when my uncle decided to buy this house. I find my place between them difficult, though they both deserve to have it said that they do their best under the conditions to make it easy."

Mr. Maskelyne had taken a year or two ago an attitude towards Angela which made him see whatever she did and thought in the most favourable light, and yet the continuation of her friendship with Dobroski struck him as being a little curious in the circumstances. Perhaps she saw this, for she hastened on:—

"I do not think that I could give you any idea of poor Mr. Dobroski's devotion. My uncle understands how hard it would be to separate myself from him. I never seek him, but when we meet I cannot treat him coldly. And, indeed, until he formed these dreadful fancies, there was no one in the world I loved so well."

"Excuse me, Miss Butler," said Maskelyne, "but is Dobroski quite—? I wouldn't say anything to annoy you for the world. But is he quite—how shall I put it?—quite master of his own fancies?"

"No," she answered frankly; "he is not. But here comes my uncle. Let us say no more about him."

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Fraser had seen his luggage taken from the van and bestowed in the small omnibus which met the train, he walked leisurely towards the hotel, guided by the gilt sign which gleamed high above the surrounding village houses. The member for Ballykillrowdy was as a general thing a good deal inflated by the fact that he was he—a circumstance which never had been and never could be true of anybody else; and now he was more than usually blown out by a sense of the dignity, secrecy, romance, importance, and what not, of his mission, so that he could not help looking like a man who knows the difference between himself and common people. In spite of this he looked like a man who is willing to unbend, and there was about him a mingling of suavity with self-importance, such as may sometimes be observed in a professional philanthropist at a meeting of reformed costermongers, or a chairman of guardians at a workhouse fête. It was open to a sympathetic observer to feel that Fraser might be addressed almost with impunity. It was borne upon the mind that Fraser would be lenient, even to the edge of indulgence.

There were people whom his bearing irritated, and these demanded to be told what right the member for Ballykillrowdy had to descend to anybody. A real relish for humour being unhappily one of the rarest things in the world, these men and women greatly outnumbered the few who found him enjoyable. To that select few it seemed almost piteous when people questioned Fraser's right to patronise the whole universe.

He walked the sunny village street (the evening sun seemed almost at a level with it, and flooded the roadway, the houses on each side, and the very sky with a golden light), and as he walked he actually smiled once or twice in the fulness of his self-content. He raised his hat here and there in answer to the salutes of the village people, and he entered the hotel with a glorious flourish. The stout, grey-headed landlady threw open the door of the salé-a-manger, and followed him with a somewhat nervous smile, the kindly condescension of the bow had conveyed to her mind an impression so profound and unaccustomed. Fraser entered hat in hand, and looked about him with the air of a man who would not crush by disapproval. He even nodded once or twice as if to say that this would do very fairly well indeed, not that it was the kind of thing he was accustomed to, but because he could make allowances. His nod was made to say as much as Puff extracted from Lord Burleigh's.

Coming suddenly, as he had done, out of the golden glory of the evening sunlight into this shadowed chamber, he did not at first make out the things about him with any great distinctness, but he could see that a man and a woman sat at the far end of the table, and he bowed to them with a courtesy as condescending as that with which he had already overwhelmed the landlady.

"Hillo, Fraser!" said a voice. "That you? Are you holiday-making over here?"

Fraser advanced, shading his eyes with his hand.

"That you, Farley?" he returned. "How are ye? Je suis un peu myope—I'm a troyfie short-sighted—and I didn't make y'out at first. How are ye? Madame votre femme, je pense? Delayed to meet Mrs. Farley once more. Are ye here for long?"

He bowed and shook hands, and waved a royal condescending pardoning sort of refusal at the chair Farley pushed towards him.

"We have been here a month," said the novelist, "and we intend staying on until the crowd comes. Then we run away. Do you stay for any length of time?"

"I can't say how long I may stop," returned Fraser, with a smile. "The man would like to know my secrets," said the smile. "I'll be having a companion in a day or two," he added. "O'Rourke's coming over."

"Ah!" said the other, carelessly, "I forgot. It's getting near the Whitsuntide recess."

Fraser smiled again, with half-closed eyes, and nodded slightly half-a-dozen times, as if to say that there was more beyond, but no curiosity that might be felt could be allayed.

"It's a good ten days to the recess yet," he said then, and nodded another half-dozen times.

"Ah," said Farley, humouring him. "There's something brewing, eh? Gladstone isn't released from the rack for ten days for nothing."

Fraser, still smiling ineffably, and still looking down upon Farley with half-closed eyes, raised a finger and beckoned him. The novelist arose, and Fraser, with a bow to the lady, took him by the lappel of his coat, and led him in silence to the window at the far end of the room.

"Ye're not doing anything in journalism now, I fancy?" he said, with a portentous solemnity. Farley shook his head. "Ye'll consider what I'm going to tell, ye sacred." Farley nodded. "I told ye that O'Rourke was coming here?" Farley nodded again. "There'll be no hoarding it since ye happen to be here, and it'll be on all the newspapers in a day or two. But for the moment it's a profound secret, moind ye. O'Rourke and meself are here for wan and the seem purpose, me boy. 'Tis to see Dobroski."

"You'll find him very interesting," returned Farley with provoking nonchalance. "He has been lunching with me to-day. A fine talker, but a trifler—shall I say eccentric, or shall I go all the way and say cracked?"

"I'll tell ye," said Fraser, with his most alluring smile. "There's a curious hole in the English intellect. Oi allow a certain sort of nobility to the English character. Oi have none of the prejudices with which me countrymen regard the Saxon. But—" he paused, and with an extended forefinger tapped his companion on the chest—"there's an ineradicable inability in the English mind to appreciate the mental position of a patriot."

"That has never occurred to me before," returned the Englishman.

"Ye can't expect a nation to know its faults," said Fraser. "Ye look at a man like Dobroski, and what d'ye see? A madman."

"No. But a fanatic. A man possessed by one idea, and so possessed by it that he can see no other. The idea is a lofty one, too, but it is so impracticable and so dangerous that however highly one may think of the devotion of the man, one thinks but little of his reasoning faculties. I hope, for your own sake, Fraser, that you are not going to ally yourselves with Dobroski."

"Me boy," replied Fraser, "there are a good many people who would like to know what we're going to do with Dobroski."

"Well," said the other, "I won't ask you to share your confidence with me, but I don't mind telling you beforehand what the result of this trip will be. You will create in many quarters a suspicion that you countenance both acts and doctrines which most men think wicked in the last degree, and that suspicion will be dangerous to your own cause."

"Ye tell me now," Fraser answered, smiling still, "that Dobroski is a man of wan oydea. But Dobroski is a man of many oydeas, let me tell ye. The Parliamentary representatives of downtrodden Ireland may sympathise with the popular head of a patriotic movement in downtrodden Poland."

"Precisely," said Farley. "And . . . shall I be candid, Fraser?"

"Me dear boy," cried Fraser, "as candid as ye please."

"Thank you. Downtrodden Ireland sympathises with downtrodden Poland, and Fraser and O'Rourke met Dobroski to show as much. But what will Irish America think of it, and what will the 'The National Flag of Old Ireland' say about it at Ballykillrowdy? And what are they meant to think and say? That the Irish party at home mean dynamite? That the Irish party at home want dollars? I am as certain that you don't mean dynamite as I am sure that you will get the dollars, but the dollars will be sent for dynamite all the same. The game's a dangerous one, Fraser."

"Well, I tell you straight," replied Fraser, with an almost pitying tolerance, "the party doesn't mean dynamite. The party, as a party, doesn't sympathise with dynamite. If ye like to put a construction such as that upon moy presence in Janenne, ye're sweetly welcome. 'Tis the English way."

(To be continued)



DR. TALBOT W. CHAMBERS's "Companion to the Revised Old Testament" (Jerrard, Fleet Street) is timely and important, inasmuch as we are all anxious to know how "the English across the Atlantic" feel towards a work in which their best Biblical scholars (Dr. Chambers among them) took a part. Except in one respect, this little book is just what we should have chosen to accompany the publication of the Revised Version. As a reviser, Dr. Chambers naturally writes with authority on "the method of the Revision," as a scholar, he gives in a popular form a vast amount of lucid information about "the text of the Old Testament;" as an American divine, he defines the exact significance of "the American Appendix," and bears pleasing testimony to "the hearty Christian fellowship which prevailed among the American Revisers." We hope they did not all agree with Dr. Chambers in preferring "the year of Jehovah's favor" to "the acceptable year of the Lord." The changes in the Revision are sometimes needless enough. Why should "high heaps," for instance, in Jeremiah xxxi, 21 (the very word for a land where the way-marks are cairns), be changed into "guide-posts?" But let us be thankful that we have the basilisk and not the adder in place of our old friend the cockatrice, and that our Revisers declined to act on the assumption that "seethe," "fray," "fence," and a dozen more, are practically obsolete, and to replace "He telleth the number of the stars" by something newer. For fourteen years the Americans are bound to the joint Revision with Appendix; then they will be free to publish a version as closely approximating as they please to the language of everyday life, getting rid of "God forbid" and "Sons of Belial" and "a lamb of the first year," and changing the "world" into "eternity" in Lord Bacon's favourite passage in Ecclesiastes. Such changes would be distasteful not only to English scholars but to the English masses; and we have a good hope that when the rising generation of Americans is grown up, good taste will have gained such strength as to lead to their rejection in America also. The very brief biographical notices of the Revisers will be useful to the English as well as to the American reader; but what does "Bishop of St. David's, Bath," mean?

Mr. Gilliat, Assistant-Master of Harrow, ought to know whether boys like such phrases as "derring-do," and whether Kingsley and water (the Kingsley being now and then above proof) is the best historical pabulum for them. Edward the Confessor (whom he likens to St. Peter!) "ungentle to his mother, and banishing his wife from Court at the bidding of his Norman favourites," and Raleigh "equipping and repairing his own little fleet of privateers" are strange examples of "Champions of the Right" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). But the sketch of Sir T. More is excellent; and the extracts from "Utopia," as well as those from Sir John Fortescue at the end of the really pathetic chapter on "Jeanne the Maid," ought to set thinking boys on the right track. We have also nothing but praise for "The Monk" and "The Friar," and for "St. Hugh of Lincoln," whose jolly audacity would have been the salvation of Becket.

Though, as Mr. Barnett Smith says, the life of "Victor Hugo" (Ward and Downey) cannot be written in this generation, we still delight to gather the facts; and of these he gives a full budget. The political disagreement between General Hugo and his wife, the prizes at the Toulouse floral games, the courting of Adèle Foucher, the attempts on the Academy (the fourth was successful), the family bereavements, the growth in Republicanism, and the failure as a practical politician, are all detailed and illustrated. We have Victor Hugo wandering alone at night through the streets (like Dickens), or seeking inspiration on the top of an omnibus; we have him canvassing Royer Collard, the Academician, who had never heard of "Notre Dame" or "Marion Delorme," and who, when the canvasser offered him a copy of his works, replied: "I never read new books." We have him believing Louis Napoleon's promise: "I shall follow the path of Washington," and making a two months' stay at Waterloo before describing the battle in "Les Misérables." We have his sojourn in Jersey, and the ridiculous sentence which banished him thence, but only to the neighbouring island. Hugo has been likened to Rousseau (who, living in an age of greater abuses, had a more definite social work) and to Dante and Isaiah (by Mr. Swinburne). Mr. Barnett Smith is quite right in denying him "the universality of Homer and Shakespeare"; but it is for anecdotes rather than criticism that we go to a work like this, and these are abundant and to the point.

Mr. Emil Behnke and Mr. Lennox Browne have followed up their "Voice, Song, and Speech" with a special inquiry into "The Child's Voice: its Treatment with Regard to After Development" (Sampson Low and Co.). They sent out several hundred copies of such questions as "The Age to Begin Singing?" and in this little book they have tabulated the answers, with their own comments. The most important question is, "Ought a boy to sing while his voice is breaking?" Two of the practical people consulted replied, "Yes, it is quite safe"; 158 said "No"; about fifty were doubtful; but then a leading throat-specialist is with the minority. On the question "Do good boy-singers usually sing well in after life?" the evidence is puzzlingly conflicting. Dr. Parry says "all the excellent Welsh voices are the result of great choral experience, and are as good after as before the change." Madame Seiler says "it is utterly useless to cultivate boys' voices before puberty."

"Illustrated Lectures on Ambulance Work" (Lewis, Gower Street) were delivered by Dr. Lawton Roberts to the colliers, furnace-men, &c., at the Wynnstays and Plaskynaston Collieries and the New British Ironworks. Dr. Roberts has gone to Professor Esmarch, to Mr. Wardell of Low Moor, and to other good authorities, and has put together a very plain and practical handbook. How to stop arterial bleeding, how to deal with a broken bone, and with persons found insensible, are just what miners and ironworkers want to know; and to such matters he adds excellent advice about cases of poisoning, bites, &c. It is well to be reminded that triangular bandages (so much easier to use than the roller) and stretchers are to be had from the Ambulance Association.

Some of Mr. A. Wilson's "Manual of Health-Science" (Longmans) appeared among the Healthers' literature; the chapter on ambulance work deals with the subject of Dr. Roberts's book. The notes on food, diet, and clothing are a valuable summary of all that has been said by the best authorities; and the engraving of the pork tapeworm would be enough to make us eschew swine's flesh did we not read that the same creatures are found also in "measly" beef. Mr. Wilson joins in the cry against high-heeled boots and tight lacing, and points out (what is so constantly overlooked) the need of avoiding mental overstrain at the time of puberty. We heartily recommend his book.

"Time Flies: a Reading Diary," by Christina Rossetti (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is just what we should expect from the name on the title-page. The prose portions are quaint, original, and full of reverent feeling; the verses will delight those who appreciate the author's "Poems."

"A Tour from Brindisi to Yokohama" (Kegan Paul) goes over very old ground; but Lord Ronald Gower can't help being original. He tells what he saw without the least regard to what he was expected to see. The Lucknow palaces he finds Brighton-Pavilion like; and the "City of Palaces" itself strikes him as a peculiarly British collection of hideous stuccoed buildings. Ahmedabad, on the other hand, far surpassed his dreams: its palace was "one of Martin's pictures realised," and beside the Ambar at Jeypore "the wonders of Seville and Granada would appear insignificant." The coast-line of Ceylon he thinks unequalled, except perhaps by that of Majorca; and in Japan everything delighted him except the Mikado's garden party. Lord Ronald likes cremation, and hopes that "some Bishop, by setting the fashion, will at least after death make himself of some use." Perhaps the example of a Duke of Sutherland might be even more efficacious. He was agreeably surprised in Arabi, who is not at all the coarse heavy fellow some of our correspondents made him. He praises Lord Ripon for placing what he considered duty above popularity; but he lets his lordship know that he, Lord Ronald Gower, holds the Church of Rome to be "that curse of many lands." He meets Irish Governors, past and present, everywhere; Lord Dufferin, Sir Hercules Robinson, Sir W. Gregory in Ceylon; Mr. T. R. Plunkett in Japan; and then he explains that they are not the real Irish, "a race as alien from our own as are the Laps and the Poles." His book is printed pocket size, for the sake of intending travellers.

In reading Mr. Arthur Keyser's journal of "Our Cruise to New Guinea" (Kidgway), we wonder how much the assembled chiefs understood of Commodore Erskine's proclamation; and what notion Kolaloka, "a nice little fat Queen, tattooed all over in the most mysterious manner," formed of her Sister across the big water. The little book is a fair shilling's-worth; many will think the descriptions of "the masher with the yellow face" and "the dressiest individual who never wore clothes" quite worth the money. We are glad to find that part of the work of the squadron was restoring those who had been kidnapped by the schooner *Hopeful* some months before. "The people on shore were found in deep mourning, and had evidently been in great grief at the loss of so many of their number." "You have brought us them out of the grave," said the old chief, "but where are the rest? Bring them back, and we'll give you a whole shipload of pigs."

A much more wonderful shilling's-worth is "Paterson's Guide to Switzerland" (Edinburgh, Paterson; Stanford, London). In 160 well-filled pages it gives the ordinary tourist, who finds Murray, and even Baedeker, inconveniently long and heavy, all that he need carry about with him when he goes for a week's run over "the playground of Europe." The plans are good, and the large map very clear. The last twenty pages are given to the Italian lakes. We are glad the reader is warned against "over-fatigue, one day of which may spoil the whole trip," and against "rushing through the country"; a warning against a heavy meal at the end of a hard day should be added to the next edition. Many editions will, we hope, be called for, for the attempt to cheapen what is in such universal demand deserves all praise.

In "North Wales, Part II." (Dulau) Messrs. Baddeley and Ward fully sustain the reputation they have won in other volumes of "The Thorough Guide Series." It is thrice the price of Paterson's "Swiss Guide," but then you are repaid by those touches of personality the want of which is so painful in most guide books. The maps, also, are here, as in former volumes, a special feature, though the heights above the sea are no longer marked in contours of colour.

The Hastings and St. Leonard's Publicity Association has outdone Mr. Paterson. It offers, gratis, "Hastings and St.

Leonard's, as a Health and Pleasure Resort," and backs up its recommendation with the strong testimony of Dr. de Villiers, who says: "The climate of Hastings enabled me to live." The view of the fish market from the East Hill shows that the picturesque old Hastings of our boyhood is not quite improved away.

Mr. Guthrie has in "Old Scottish Customs" (Glasgow, Morison; London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) done for folk lore what in his "Tales of the Jacobites" he did for a section of history. He has gone to Skene's "Highlanders," Sir J. Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland," and other books, some of them very hard to get at, and has therefrom compiled a very readable little volume with no pretence to scholarship or arrangement. The absence of arrangement is puzzling, especially as there is no index; marriage customs, for instance, are found in at least three chapters. But Mr. Guthrie prints as he jotted down, while engaged on work regarding parochial matters; and, as the customs are fast dying out, we are glad to have them recorded in any form.

"The Municipal Records of Bath, from 1189 to 1604" (London: Elliot Stock; Bath: Davies), form one of those dainty volumes for which Mr. Stock is noted. The matter is so interesting that we wonder the work was never taken in hand before. We hope that Messrs. King and Watts will be encouraged to publish a further instalment, though there can be nothing in modern times to match the sealing (for a consideration) of charters when Richard I. came back moneyless from Germany (the Bath Charter escaped sealing), and the strange suspicion of forgery which hangs over the Charter of Henry III. Bath, till lately the chosen home of Simeonism, suffered grievously from the Reformation. In 1583 "Mr. Longe, the preacher," served five churches, and did it cheap. The citizens refused to buy their Abbey Church for 500 marks; but they stripped it of the lead, iron, glass, and bells, all which were shipped to Spain, and lost on the voyage. Happily the "ruined church," the latest example of undebased Perpendicular, was at last made the town church, in place of St. Mary de Stalles.

Mr. D. H. Olmstead is "no iconoclast"; but in "The Protestant Faith" (New York, Putnam) he certainly pulls down Luther and Calvin from the niches which they have hitherto occupied. Salvation by belief is, he thinks, unjust, because "belief is involuntary"; and he is as indignant as St. Theresa herself at the reward and punishment system. Duty is for him the only true motive. "Because right is right" he would follow it; and no doubt he has expunged from his hymn-book lines like "Where such a light affliction shall win so great a prize."

THE WICKED BEAN

"SIR, there's nothing I dread more than the coming round of this time. Just look there—four of them! I've locked them in, so that they can't come to harm. There were seventy of them came down, and these men ought to have gone back by the 7.25."

It was the station-master who spoke, on a well-known line down in one of our prettiest country valleys within easy reach of town, and his remarks were apropos of some poor sufferers of the well-dressed working class who were in the throes of a violent attack of indigestion, and it was singular to note the way in which the malady affected them. As they were helped, or rather lifted, into the carriage, one was flushed and affectionate, and in his muttering delirium behaving towards two stout porters as if they were his long-lost brothers. A second shed tears copiously, and wiped, or rather scraped, out his eyes with the edge of his cap. A third was so imbued with a silent stubbornness that he resisted everything and everybody; while the fourth had to be roused up at the last moment from where he crouched in state of stupor close to some luggage, and proved to be so absolutely molluscous, so completely turned for the time being into a creature resembling a jelly, that he was carried and dragged something like a sack, deposited in a corner of the compartment, and then slowly subsided till he was on the floor.

"Drink!" the reader will immediately exclaim, and be ready to inveigh against the imbibing customs of our native land. But this would be an error, a hasty conclusion drawn from an unsound basis, and from want of undue appreciation of the facts which require to be studied before judgment is given.

The trouble was solid, not liquid, as will be shown.

Now, certainly appearances were greatly against these men, and at the first blush it seemed as if they were in that unpleasant condition so ably painted by Charles Dickens when Mr. Pecksniff was so seriously ill. That gentleman, by the way, was proved to have been partaking of strong liquors; but that this was the case with the four travellers under consideration is open to doubt.

Any one who has studied books of travel, especially those of hunting sketches and African adventure, will have come across passages descriptive of the conduct of followers, especially of the South African races, who, upon the successful slaughter of some large antelope or ox, will sit down and feast as long as any of the flesh is left, and the result will be that, almost to a man, they are in a sleepy state of torpor, out of which they cannot be roused for many hours. Their appearance is that of men who have been drinking heavily of intoxicating liquors. Their looks are vacant, their language vain babble, and their reason is for the time being either wandering or asleep; and it is with the knowledge that working-class men and mechanics would not by any lapse degrade themselves to the level imagined by the station-master, that the cudgels are here taken up in their defence.

The fact is that the guise, or disguise, in which these men appeared is due to a pernicious custom of long standing. The custom in question is that of the Bean Feast, an annual dinner on a special holiday, when the *employés* of various metropolitan establishments take a trip into the country, generally to some very pretty country place, and, in happy or unhappy ignorance of the consequences, eat beans. Sometimes it is the extremely coarse and farinaceous broad or Windsor bean; sometimes the long, thin French; and some other times it will be the rough-skinned, pleasant-flavoured, juicy scarlet-runner. But the result is invariably the same: so seriously severe an attack of indigestion that war ought to be declared against those social economists who are for ever preaching up the nutritious and life-supporting qualities of the nitrogenous bean. France is pointed out as a land where peasant and middle-class individuals find the bean a most excellent article of food. Years back there was a *furore* on the question of haricot beans; but summer after summer those who take country trips see for themselves that this horribly indigestible vegetable, the bean, is only fit food for the fat-forming pig and hard-working horse. In fact, Bean Feasts amply prove that this noxious vegetable should be tabooed as an article of human food.

In the case of the four unfortunates bound to London by the late train it was impossible, when taking a peep at them on stopping now and then, not to perceive how very little sympathy is shown towards sufferers from indigestion. The guard, who cast an unpleasant green light upon them—it was not needed, for they were already of a sickly green—satisfied himself that they were what he called "all right," and indulged in a good-humoured grin, suggestive of the aspect of Leech's cabman, who wished he had half the sick gentleman's complaint, while their aspect evoked another recollection of the drawings in that quaint old text-book, *Punch*. They were self-arranged, like the supper-party the cabman had to take to their various destinations, and had "got themselves mixed." These Bean-Feasters were terribly confused as to what was normal in position, but by a happy dispensation in the construction of railway carriages they could not fall any lower than the floor.

A few concluding words on the effects of the bean eaten at feasts may be of interest. They are shown next day in a foul tongue, a feverish thirst, yellow hue of eyeballs, and a head that feels as if the brain were turned to hot lead, and were running round and round to condense in the throbbing temples. Moral to all whom it may concern: Induce the Bean-Feaster to abjure the Bean.

G. M. F.



II.

The Nineteenth Century for July counts among its contributors many well-known names. Mr. Edward Dicey's article on "The Khedivate of Egypt" comes first in order in the Review. Mr. Dicey says some severe things of Prince Halim, who was recently so outspoken about Ismail Pasha. He does not think that the latter member of the family of Mehemet Ali would make a satisfactory ruler of the Nile Delta now. His old sins of lavishness and ostentation would blossom into full vigour again. As Mr. Dicey remarks, *qui a bu, boira*. His opinion of Tewfik is that, both by his weaknesses and his strong points, he is the best possible Khedive for an Egypt controlled from without. A strong man would be impossible under the present system of things at Cairo.—Captain Gascoigne indites a manly, straightforward, and simple narrative of Sir Charles Wilson's voyage from Gubat, under the title of "To Within a Mile of Khartoum." This officer writes with more fulness and detail than any other official person has yet done of the incidents of that eventful trip. He makes no attempt to explain the delay at starting; but he supplies pretty conclusive circumstantial evidence that the capital of the Soudan succumbed on the generally received date.—Archdeacon Farrar's "Drink, a Last Word to Lord Bramwell," leaves the impression that the famous preacher of St. Margaret's is well able to take care of himself and his cause. He can be caustic in controversy, and his style often rises to eloquence.

The opening article in the *Fortnightly*, "Local Government and Ireland," is a more or less skilfully argued plea for giving Irishmen more scope in the management of their own affairs. "A Joke or a Job," "by a Member of Convocation," is an amusingly sharp criticism on the recent appointment of Mr. Napier of Göttingen to the post of "Professor of English Language and Literature" in the University of Oxford. Professor Freeman gets it hotly for his share in the matter, and is roundly dubbed "an insolent pedant."—Mr. Frederic Mackarness is to be congratulated on his paper, "The Future of South Africa." He offers a very clear view of the—to Englishmen—often perplexing controversies in which we have been involved with the Boers, Goschenites, Bechuanas, and the Cape Government. It seems pretty clear that, whether England likes it or not, she must continue her rôle of protector of the blacks as against lawless whites in the southern interior of Africa.

The *Contemporary Review* contains a hearty tribute, by Mr. Goldwin Smith, to the lofty qualities of statesmanship and patriotism which were combined in the late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The Canadian Professor is in favour of allowing the Irish more influence in their local affairs; but he thinks the large extension of the franchise to be a blunder, and he makes light of the charge repeatedly brought against England of having treated Ireland with phenomenal cruelty. Of Mr. Parnell and his following, he speaks in terms of contempt.—Captain W. L. Davidson, R.H.A., gives fairly exhaustive statistics as to the strength of "The Army of Russia." On a war footing, Russia can put in the field 2,062,000 men, 361,200 horses, and 3,920 guns. This is surely a formidable array of figures, and if the finances and means of locomotion were in like measure at the disposal of the officers of the Czar, it might bear a very serious meaning for some European States.—Mrs. H. R. Haweis, in "Rus in Urbe, or Gardening in London," gives a great deal of very shrewd advice as to the best means of neutralising the effect of London fogs and dirt on trees and plants. She has evidently observed closely, and understands that which she writes about so pleasingly.

The *National* deals with "The Late Crisis and the New Cabinet" from the Conservative standpoint, but the writer has not felt himself justified in saying anything startling or original.—Mr. T. R. E. Holmes's article on "Sir William Napier" will bear perusal. It is a gracefully written biographical sketch of the author of the "History of the Peninsular War," Sir William had evidently much of the impetuosity of his brother, the conqueror of Scinde. Mr. Holmes relates an interesting instance of fulfilled presentiment in which Sir William was concerned, and which occurred just before the battle of Nivelle.—"B." combines moderation with good sense in what he has to say about "The Conservative Provincial Press." He has evidently studied his subject historically, as well as practically, and the organisers and leaders of his party might do worse than give his well-weighed arguments careful consideration.—Messrs. Gurney and Myers dilate earnestly on one branch of their hobby in "Some Higher Aspects of Mesmerism." Ghost-land has seldom been intruded upon by investigators who rejoiced in so great a command of deep-sounding verbiage. It seems somewhat ungrateful in its inhalants to allow two such earnest explorers only the light derivable from comparing the reports of more *naïf* but more successful mortals.

To *Macmillan's*, Mr. Bernard Wise sends notes very discouraging to Imperial Federationists. "An Australian Appeal to the English Democracy," consists partly in the assertion that Australia would be safer sundered from England than joined to the mother country, and partly in a desire, expressed forcibly, that England will give no encouragement to the Federal Council Bill now before the Imperial Parliament. As to foreign annexations in the Pacific, the writer is in favour of them, as they will tend to keep Australians free from the disadvantages of the narrow-mindedness likely to arise in case of isolation from contact with other races of Europe than the English. Whether we agree with Mr. Wise or not, he certainly writes thoughtfully.

Besides Mr. Grant Allen's interesting naturalist's paper, "Concerning Clover," in the *Gentleman's*, the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer gives much curious information about "Faith-Healing," in all ages. He has collected from all sorts of sources instances of the wonderful effect of imagination and credulity in affording relief from bodily ailments.—Mr. J. A. Farrer retorts, in "Concerning Bellology," on the strictures passed by a Saturday Reviewer on a recent article in war in this magazine. "Bellology," Mr. Farrer maintains, is an admirable verbal substitute for "military manners and customs," and he is sanguine of the permanent adoption of the term into the English vocabulary.

The two serials, "A Strange Voyage" and "Babylon," and the short stories make up the contents of this month's *Belgravia*, with the exception of a few pages by Mr. Thiselton Dyer, devoted to "Tongues in Trees." This paper deals with the pastoral drama, and is suggested by the recent performances at Coombe House. Mr. Dyer dwells upon the fact that open-air acting was much in vogue in England in the sixteenth century.

The Rev. Joseph Maskell contributes to *Walsford's Antiquarian* the first part of an article on "William Thynne, Chaucer's First Editor." Thynne, like the author of the "Canterbury Tales," held the office of "Customer of Wools, Hides, and Fleeces in the Port of London." Mr. Maskell has ransacked very thoroughly the

records of the reign of Henry VIII.—The editor in "Our Old Country Towns" series provides an excellent article on "Newbury."

The *Wheel World Magazine* appears this month in an improved form. It opens with a promising serial, which rejoices in a most sensational woodcut. "Cycling" is considered in all ways, in relation to health, and so on. Poetry is not forgotten, and "Wheel" news for the month finds its appropriate place.

A striking etching, "Magnolia Grandiflora," by G. M. Rhead, forms the frontispiece of the *Portfolio*. It is a bold and successful attempt at the association of the face of a woman with a flower. Mr. Loftie's beautifully illustrated series of articles on "Windsor" continues to be an attractive feature in this periodical.—We can also recommend Mr. Watkiss Lloyd's review paper on "Phoenician Art," as well as that by the editor on Mr. Josiah Gilbert's "Landscape in Art."



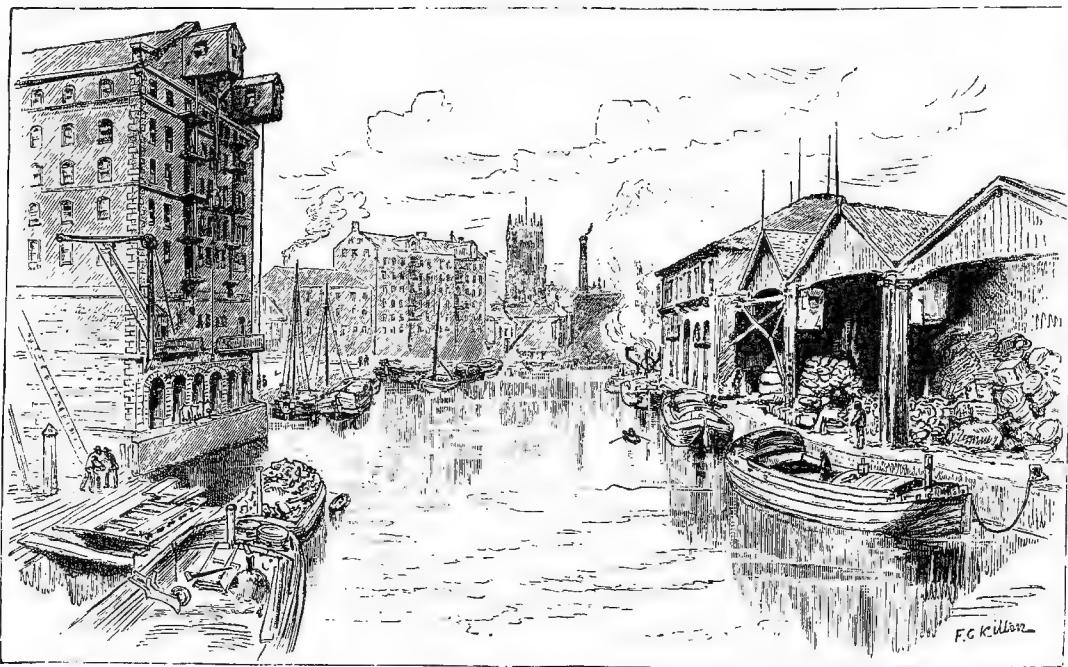
"A WOMAN'S REPUTATION," by Oswald Crawford (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is a romance of a decidedly stagey kind, from the conventional opening between the two servants, one a Cockney Jack-of-all-trades in the service of the villain of the piece, the other a comic yokel, to the theatrical close, where a leading lady throws some inconvenient documents upon the fire. Except that this transaction should have taken place before the audience, it is impossible to avoid feeling the inspiration of the foot-lights throughout, upon character, incident, and conversation. This effect is still further emphasised by the fact that the principal heroine is herself an actress, of the pattern accepted as a type before the scenes. Then every rôle is a strongly-labelled character-part, and the persons who affect one another's destiny are brought together with that perfection of coincidence never known off the boards. Even the exits and the entrances are treated in the same way, and one is made to see the stage groups absorbed in their by-play while the speeches are being delivered. Of course all this is as much as to say that the novel is written from first to last in the wrong way, and that its form of construction alone is enough to deprive it of any sort of realism and vitality. It might probably be easily turned into a play that would interest by means of its caricatures of the strong-minded woman and the low-comedy man from Whitechapel, while the story is of the common-place order that affords to playwrights their safest ground. The book is well written, and contains some pleasant descriptions of old-fashioned country scenes and ways. The plot hangs upon a marriage muddle of a more than commonly complex kind.

The new fashion of shilling novels in paper covers has not thus far induced authors to put out their best work. In many cases, it would be nearer the mark to say that it has called out the very worst of which the authors who adopt the form of publication in question are capable. It is certain that Mr. F. Anstey's "The Tinted Venus" (Arrowsmith's Bristol Library) would not have gone far in founding a reputation. The idea is unquestionably comical—the farcical adaptation of the famous old tale of the young man who married a marble Venus to the case of a Cockney hairdresser, who finds himself in precisely the same plight. A short chapter or two of Mr. Anstey's fooling would have pleasantly exhausted the fancy, and have given quite space enough for all the good things he has had to scatter over nearly 200 closely printed pages. Long before the middle is reached, the theme has grown threadbare; and the laborious efforts to keep up the fun become simply painful. When the goddess becomes visible in action to other persons than her victim, the joke loses all its point and becomes simply stupid, to such an extent as to make it exceedingly doubtful whether Mr. Anstey understood the humour of his own creation. As one of those tales of which "Blackwood" once held a monopoly, and written on their scale, "A Tinted Venus" might have been rendered charming; as it stands, it is the monument of a good idea murdered by over-elaboration. It is unquestionably its author's worst production, so far.

"A Rainy June," by "Ouida" (J. and R. Maxwell), has not the excuse for its shortcomings of being too long. Its few meagre pages contain enough silliness to fit out a dozen ordinary novels, if only the silliness were a trifle less dull.

Mr. Manville Fenn's contribution to the new shilling literature of burlesques and sensations, "The Dark House: a Knot Unravelled" (Ward and Downey), is of a somewhat better type than most other examples of it. But he also has found the form, or the demands of the public of the future, inconsistent with the power of doing himself justice. He is master of two distinct lines, which he has, in general, the art of happily combining—the ultra-romantic and the quietly and realistically descriptive: and he has in the latter exceedingly few rivals. But he appears to have judged—possibly rightly—that in what is meant to be read at a gallop anything approaching finer and better work is thrown away: that the reader requires to be startled at any cost: and that nightmares have to take the place of wholesome dreams. Mr. Fenn has gone to work in the most uncompromising manner, and has brought together a complication of sensations which his successors in the same field will find it hard to excel. And so much the better—the sooner the vein of infantine exaggeration reaches its utmost limit, the sooner will the inevitable reaction ensue. When that happens, work like this last of Mr. Fenn's will be regarded as farce, pure and simple, instead of being taken as serious literature. Meanwhile authors of Mr. Fenn's order, who aim at the very largest sort of popularity, should remember that *noblesse oblige*; that, while writing down towards their public, they should make some little effort to inspire that public with some glimmer of a taste for their better wares. We are almost disposed to think that the purchasers of cheap fiction cannot be altogether deserving of so much cynical contempt as seems to be displayed towards them by authors and publishers. If they are, then cheap fiction threatens to become a well-nigh unmixed evil.

Now will it be possible to plead the example of France to the contrary if we are to have many such importations as "Lise Fleuron," by Georges Ohnet, translated by Lady William Godolphin Osborne (2 vols.: Remington and Co.). In this work the author of that extraordinarily popular novel, the "Maitre de Forges," has published a sort of *chronique scandaleuse*, his characters being apparently invented and introduced merely to have unpleasant things said about their past history. No doubt this is, in a way, holding the mirror up to one side of human nature; but in this respect the worst sort of fiction cannot hope to compete successfully with the worst sort of journalism. Scandal reads woefully dull when the suggestion of fact is wanting. A good deal of familiarity is shown with the world of the stage, and some of the theatrical characters are well described, as would naturally be expected. Here however the entire catalogue of merits ends: and if it contained a hundred times their number, they would have failed to hold their own against the demerits of the English version. This seems to proceed on the theory that every French word has to be represented by some English word, without regard to style, or even to idiom; and that, when the least difficulty presents itself, not even the bare words call for an English rendering. Nevertheless the translator has shown quite as much skill, and has taken quite as much trouble, as M. Ohnet's dreary and disagreeable rubbish deserves.



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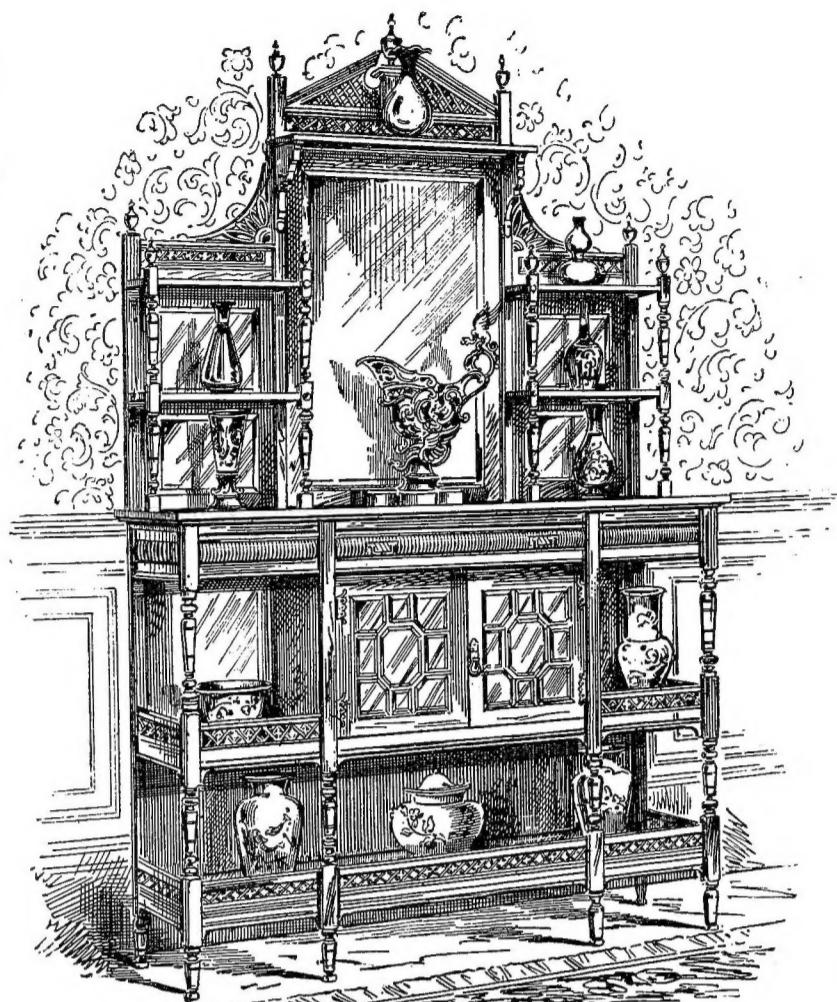
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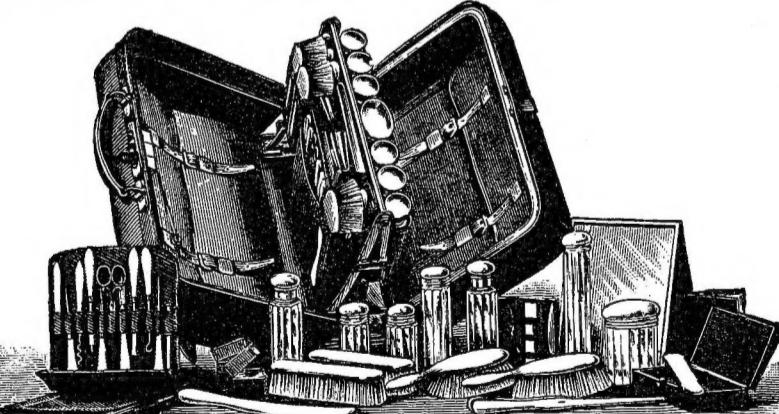
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